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NEW ENGLAND'S INDEPENDENCE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O Land of Thought! it is not thine to goad
Before Thought's questioning: not thine to stand
In dumb obedience, with the slavish crowd
Among fanatic, or Earth's adored oracles of Art,
And crouch that our through centuries we hear!
O continents adoringly their own
In supreme temple or monumental taste!
Yes, thou wouldst heavenly smile to stand alone
And hear the thunder-crash of heavy fane and throne!

O, it is not for grander than to be
The bravest, the just, the reviewed, then to cower
Before new decrees on Truth's exquisite sea?
Let coward nights tremble with the darking hour,
And fly at morning to their sunless haven—
But, thro' of Heaven! but thou the Orientless
From thy lit house on Athropolos's tower,
Or, mounting Olympus to the Gods' high seat,
Can'st the Thunder's arm and dare his volleying fire.

Come of the desolate inward and fearless mind!
The thine to breathe the soul's heroic air:
Into thy bosom on the troubled wind
Let ancient Will thy fresh of Nerve thrust;
Thy Will, that, like the Spartan's tempered bare,
Scaling the page of God that ye called
The foot of men from Superstition's bar:
Around the mountain tempests utter wheel—
Yet shalt thou unto the light and win the overcoming soul!

ALARIC;

OR,

THE TYRANT'S VAULT.

A SICILIAN STORY OF EARLY TIMES.

BY STEPHEN CHIN, JR.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE KING HAS A STARTLING REVELATION.

WHEN Dionisio was left alone she learned the door, and removed to the apartment where she had met her lover. At first she was under no apprehension, but as she sat there alone, in the depth of the night, strange thoughts came into her mind, and unpleasant phantoms began to fill before her imagination. Love is a powerful agent, naturally giving to the cold nerves. It quickens all the sensations, and it does have been trifling to hidden places. Its penetrating beam will most surely drive them, and either to dispose of them forever, or to give them new power and strength. The maiden had long known that there was some mystery connected with, and enveloping, her lineage. She knew that Ballerus had some potent reason for keeping her secluded, and that it was all for her own welfare. She had often pondered upon the subject, and as often given it up, and given it up, too, without vexation; for she was assured that nothing was hidden from her that could benefit her in the knowing of it. But now she wished she knew more. The danger which threatened Alaric might have some mystic relation to herself—she felt sure of it—she had heard enough to satisfy her on that point. And so, as her heart had been raised to bright hopes by the beaming of the renewed and quickened love upon it, did it sink, as she sat alone in the dreary midnight, and dwell upon the unseen dangers that hovered about her.

The minutes passed away—she watched the hour-glass, and the sands were running down swiftly—and yet she was alone. A dark spell was upon her—a spell of doubt and gloom—which had come unbidden, and which she could not drive off. She tried to think of Alaric as safe, and that he would soon take her away to a peaceful, happy home of his own, and with every bread thought the phantom would come in, and when she might have felt a joy in the calling up of a picture such as hope would paint in the future, the emotion grew faint at its birth, and the unwelcome fear came instead.

And had she not cause for fear? Had not her father Ballerus taught her that it was not safe for her to mingle in society, as other maidens of her age did? Had he not always been fearful of her himself, and even trembled with apprehension upon the most trivial occasion? Had he not always taken his hand forward when she would ask him why he feared thus, and simply answered that he could not tell? And had he not always, when forced to speak of her marriage, treated the subject as though something more than life or death might hang upon it? He had done all this, and he had done more. He had vaguely shadowed forth the idea that in her very birth a life of danger and trouble awaited her inheritance.

And so the free-pleasures gathered around her. Darkly they settled down upon her soul, till the last ray of light was shut out, and the last hope fainted away.

At length there came the sound of heavy feet echoing through the house, and Isadne started up from her seat. Presently a loud knock was given upon the door, and she went into the vestibule.

"Who is there?" she asked, hoping that it might be her father, but yet dreading to hear the answer.

"The royal guard!" was the response. "Open the door, and admit us!"

"But my father will return very soon, and then he will admit you."

"A plague upon thy father! We come in the king's name, and demand immediate entrance to this house!"

"But in a few moments he will come."

"And in a few moments we'll pull them old walls down about thine ears. By the sacred altar of Diana, then hadst better open quickly!"

ISADNE BEFORE THE TYRANT.

Yet they could not sleep until they had heard Ballerus's escaped prisoner, for upon him rested a wondrous degree of interest.

Pyrrho was leaning back in his seat, with his eyes closed, when a page entered and announced the king, but a page of sufficient age to understand their stations, and that made no difference whatever.

"Is it Pisgal?" demanded the king, starting up.

"Admit him."

The page withdrew, and presently the soldier came in.

"How now, guardsman—what news bring ye?"

"I, the company with three others, have been to the house of Ballerus, the architect, but we found all the prisoners there, and my men established."

"And where is my lieutenant?"

"He went in another direction, sire. His thought it very probable that the prisoner, even if he had been at Ballerus's house, would not remain there, so he went on, while he, with three of his best men, took another route, by which he hoped he might cut the fugitive off if he were attempting to escape towards the sea of the temple."

"It was a good thought! And you have not seen him since?"

"No, sire. But I found a maiden at the house of Ballerus—the only female occupant—and I have brought her with me."

"Ha! is she beautiful?" cried Pyrrho.

"The most beautiful female I ever saw." answered the soldier with enthusiasm.

"Then we have the lady of Alaric's love. Bring her hither at once!"

The man withdrew, and the monarch turned to his chamberlain.

"Now, Donatus, we shall see this rare flower which the old craftsman has kept hidden so long, or, the chief, how started off to look over the dwelling. They ransacked every hole and corner they could find, but met with nothing to reward them for their trouble, and finally they returned to the apartment where they had left their companions.

"We can do no more," said the leader. "We must take the girl and tell the lieutenant do the rest."

"But you will not take me," cried Isadne, in alarm.

"We must, beauty, so don't fret about it."

The maiden plead and prayed, but all to no purpose. The soldiers had come with their orders, and they knew nothing beyond them. She might as well have urged reason upon the tempest. When she found that she must go, she procured a light silken mantle, which she threw over her head, and then informed the men that she was ready. The lights were extinguished, and the officer then led the way from the house, taking the fair prisoner under his own charge.

If Isadne had been oppressed with fear before, she was much more oppressed now, for the place seems began to take more tangible shape. The thought of seeing the king filled her with terror, though she could give to herself no clear reason why it should be so. She only knew that she had always held a deep dread of the monarch, and that Ballerus had never sought to divest her of it, but that he had helped her to retain the emotion. However, she could not now turn aside from her fate, and she strove to compose herself as that no perturbation of her own should work against her.

The officer was as respectful as one so rough and hardened could be, and Isadne was conducted along through the still, dark, deserted streets in silence, till they reached the royal palace.

The king had not yet retired. He and his chamberlain had been conversing upon the events of the past and the present, and a fear of gigantic proportions had entered their minds, though they hoped, by summary proceedings, to meet whatever danger might come, and put it successfully down.

"What ho!" asked the maiden, trembling at every label.

"We seek to search the house. But we want no more words. Open, or we break our way in, and then the worse fate may be thine."

A wandering flow upon the door with what appeared to be a large stone, brought Isadne to a decision. She saw that they would quickly force their way in, so she removed the bar, and gave them entrance, and, as they came in, she retreated to the inner apartment, whither she was quickly followed by four stout soldiers, one of them being an officer of low degree.

"Are you alone in the house?" asked the leader of the party, after he had cast his eyes about the place.

"I am," replied Isadne.

"Has not a youth named Alaric been here?"

The maiden hesitated, but she remembered the words of her father, and answered—

"He has been here, but is now gone."

"Has—and whither went he?"

"I do not know."

"Do not to us?"

"I tell thee, I know not."

"How long since he was?"

"Not many minutes—not half an hour."

"And he will return here?"

"No. He left from his own because he knew there would be danger here."

"By the tongue of Echo, but then art seemingly honest in thy speech," said the officer, gazing into her face.

"I tell but the truth, sir."

"Twould be a pity if such marvelous beauty as thine were harmed by falsehood. But well search the house, nevertheless."

Another lamp was procured, and while one of the soldiers was left to keep watch upon the maiden, the others now started off to look over the dwelling. They ransacked every hole and corner they could find, but met with nothing to reward them for their trouble, and finally they returned to the apartment where they had left their companions.

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prevements; and also for mutual relief and protection."

"And do you imagine that such a mystic fraternity has an existence in our city?"

Claudian was startled by the question.

"It may have," he said.

"Have you ever noticed anything that could lead your suspicions in that direction?"

Nothing, sire. I only judge from reason. Many of the leading architects of our city are from far-off countries and many of those who are native here have travelled in the East; so that it would not be strange if they had brought hither with them the mysteries of which you speak."

"Keep your eyes open, Claudian; and if we can find such a thing it shall be rooted out at once. And now I bid you attend well to the business I have given to your charge."

The captain bowed, and withdrew, and the king then sent for one of his messengers, who soon made his appearance.

"Do you know where the mason, called Bellerus, lives?" the monarch asked.

"Yes, sire."

"Then go to him, and tell him come hither. Say to him that the king wishes to see him on a matter of business connected with the craft."

The messenger went away, and found the old artisan alone in his house. He gave to him the royal message, and without hesitation Bellerus arose to obey. He seemed to be laboring under some weighty affair of the mind, but there was a stern resolution apparent in his countenance as he accompanied the messenger to the palace, and was at once admitted to the royal presence.

Pyrrho gazed sharply into the bronzed features of the craftsman, and turning to the messenger, he remarked, in an undertone,—

"There's bold, hard stuff in that fellow."

"Aye, sire,—and there be many more like him in our city."

"By name is Bellerus?" returned the king, turning to his visitor.

"It is, sire."

"And then art master of thy craft?"

"I am as regardeth ancient work."

"So I have heard; and I have sent for thee to have thine opinion for me as a piece of work in my line. Can't thou do it?"

"First, sire," returned Bellerus, with a slight twinkling of the muscles of the face, "I would ask that if my child, Imelle, is in this palace?"

"She is, good Bellerus; and she is perfectly safe," answered the king, with great seeming frankness. "I send my guard, last night, after a person who had escaped, and hearing that he had been at thy house, thither I went, but he was not found there, and the maiden was alone. She said that the prisoner had been there, so my officers had the liberty to bring her away that I might question her. I should have sent her back to her home this morning, but I had determined to employ her upon the work of which I have spoken, so I thought she would be better here until you were ready to attain to your home with her. She shall have every attention and comfort."

"Do you mean that I shall remain here until my work is finished?" the mason asked.

"Yea. I wish it done as soon as possible. I will show it to you, and then you can employ such help as you may judge you will need."

"If I remain here until the work is finished, I may see my child during the intervals of refreshment?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will perform the task if I can."

"Then will thy old craftsman follow him?"

And then he led the way out from the throne-room, through a winding passage, to the small private smaller apartment, to his private bath. Beyond here was a door, which seemed to be an angle of the structure, and within the base of one of the high towers. The ceiling was arched, and elaborately sculptured; the walls were of Grecian architecture, very highly polished; and the floor was a fine Mosaic pavement, with the representation of a chariot-race cleverly wrought out by the proper arrangement of the various colored bits of stone. But this floor was not whole. Near the center was an aperture, some ten feet in diameter, which appeared to be the eye a seemingly bottomless pit. There was no finish about the edge, save a skirting of marble, flush with the floor; but the brink was abrupt, and only guarded by a few boards which had been thrown across.

"What think ye this hole was made for?" asked the king.

Bellerus gazed down into the broad pit, but he could only see a fathomless depth of gloom.

"I have no means of knowing," he answered.

"This part of the palace is much older than the other parts, and this vault was probably excavated ere when the high tower was built. I could judge better by examining the interior, and sounding its depths."

"And how can ye do that?"

"When I have my men here I can do it easily."

"Well," pursued the king, walking around the vault, and gazing into its darkness, "I have also an odd fancy. You know my bath is close by?"

"Yea."

"And I have thought to have this pit so lighted, with fire, thirty cressets, that it will hold water, and then I will have it filled for the use of my bath."

"But, sire,—it would require a river to fill it to overflowing."

"I suppose there are men enough in Sicily to fill it, and keep it full?"

"Yea."

"Then it shall be done. The king does not stop before any obstacle which may be surmounted. How many men will you want?"

"I cannot tell, sire, for I know not yet the amount of work which must be done."

"But you can ascertain?"

"With the assistance of some of my fellows."

"Give me their names, and I will send for them."

Bellerus hesitated awhile, but finally he called over the names of four men who should be summoned. They were accordingly sent for, and when they arrived arrangements were at once made for sounding the depths of the vault, the king standing by to watch the operation. A heavy plummet was attached to the end of a long line, and lowered into the pit. Down, down, down, it went, and when it had reached the bottom there was found to have been let out a hundred and fifty cubits.

"It is as enormous depth," remarked one of the masons.

"A wondrous depth," responded the king. "And now I should like to know how it is constructed. Cannot one of you go down?"

Bellerus quickly made arrangements for explaining the cryptic plan. A lighted torch was first sent down, and when it had descended to a considerable distance there was a loud report—a concussion—as though an earthquake had broken beneath the palace. The king was sore afraid; but when he saw that the confusion took the appearance as a matter of course, he became calm. After the torch was sent down again, and finally it went to the bottom burning; and as the workmen gazed down, it looked like a ghastly eye, or dim spark, in the face of darkness. It reflected upon nothing, and revealed nothing.

Next Bellerus suffered himself to be lowered into the vault by his fellows, and as he went down he found that the space grew larger, until its diameter was not far from twenty cubits. He could see that the walls were of solid masonry, and he had no doubt, as he was raised, that the entire vault had been originally built for a dungeon—built by some king, or lord, who had such a contemptuous way in which to send those whom he wished to dispose of forever. At last his feet struck the bottom, and when he reached it he found it covered by a thick, slimy mud. When he cried out his voice was only as a dim echo, the concussions when drinking up the sound; and when he gazed aloft he could distinguish a small speck of dull light. But he knew that no human voice could reach to that place from where he stood, and that even a chap of thunder might not stir the air to such a height. He went around with his torch and examined the walls, and he found them all firm and solid; the massive rocks, all hewn and squared, being laid in a cement which had become as hard as the very stone to which it had adhered. No mortal power could move those stones, and the vault must have resided from above, carve a way up from out that Tartarian depth.

When Bellerus returned he reported what he had found, and the king could not hide the demoniac satisfaction that he felt at heart.

Then it will need but little work done upon the bottle," he said.

"All that will be required will be to clear away the mud, and then it will be ready for use."

"And it will is a wondrous place for keeping secret things," remarked Pyrrho.

The chamberlain hardened as he was, could not keep back the shudder which crept over him at the thought that a prisoner—the king's prisoner—was being a human being to such a place.

"Is it so deep?" queried the king, "that no cries could ever be heard from the bottom. Were there at this moment a hundred men down there, the loudest shout could not be made palpable to our ears. Is it not a strange place?"

"It is, indeed, sire."

"And it will is a wondrous place for keeping secrets, too."

"All that think so of it?" asked Pyrrho.

"Horrible!" whispered Demetus shuddering as he gazed down into the Plutonian darkness, and he could not tell all around him—the king!

"It is so deep," pursued the king, "that no cries could ever be heard from the bottom. Were there at this moment a hundred men down there, the loudest shout could not be made palpable to our ears. Is it not a strange place?"

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THE LETTER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I send no slumber holding in my breast
The hope which my fond memory cherishes,
Worn out and crippled by long absence,
And having wept till I could weep no more.

I dreamed your letter was a pictured thing;
That you at evening came and sat me down,
And on my knees made a fond reward.
Then wept to see how flowed the crimson flood.

I dreamed you kissed the wound and sobbing said,
"Dear Ah I regret the day we sought our toil!
And then you clasped me to your heart to die.
I kissed your hand and answered, "It is well."

Then came a change; and "Hasten home, my love;
Their cause leads to my sickness," your letter said.
"I cannot, will not tear you from my arms!"
With joyful heart at once I answered you.

Then you seemed non—embraceled, cold and dead.
Oh, woe! oh, joy! oh, agony of love!
All lost, we met again, in peace, above;
You had recalled me; caught cold over divine
Life packed to; Death leads you all mine own.
Therefore I blessed the love for what its hand had done.

THE MISSION OF GOLIAD.

AN INCIDENT OF TEXAS.

We were a party of eight. Besides myself were three *old Texians*, a term applied in the early emigrants to the country, while it was under Mexican rule—those who figured in the war of the Texan Revolution. These men were experienced Indian fighters, and versed in all the stratagems of Indian warfare. They were Sparey, Mauny and Hodge. The former was past the middle age. The two latter were young men, but all large and athletic. Accompanying us were an equal number of Mexican peons. These men we had employed on the Rio Grande, to assist us in conducting a large remuda (or drove) of mules and American horses we were taking, on speculation, to the settlements on the Brazos and Trinity.

We had accomplished one-half of our dangerous journey—dangerous, not only on account of the Indians, war parties of whom we were liable, at any time, to encounter, but also by reason of the herds of *wild mustangs*, which hourly threatened to scrupulous our remuda. In most gallant style do these bands of *cimarron* cavalry charge up within short pistol shot of the traveler, and with still more the regularity and precision of a disciplined troop, and after completely encircling him, dash away with mane and tail streaming upon the wind.

It is during these scrolling charges, that all the skill and experience of the frontier are called into use, to prevent the animals from breaking aside, and dashing away over the plain with the wild relatives. All their instinctive love of freedom returns, and often, even the swift lasso of the buckman and the pistol of the Texian fails to arrest the leader of the herd.

Often, with the most skillful *dolens*, (herdsmen,) large manadas are thus stampeded, and the owners, who may be accompanying the drove, are left with only the animals on which they may, at the time, be riding. During the journey of our party over these plains, on the way from Corpus Christi to the Mexican frontier, a large number of valuable thoroughbred and military horses were thus lost.

When the genuine horse once escapes and joins the wild herds, he immediately forgets his former domestic habits, and in the freedom of his wild range, becomes as untamable as his wild associates.

We had safely conducted our party thus far without discovering signs of Comanches, *Apaches* or Lipans, or even losing a single animal.

We were approaching the San Antonio river, on whose banks we had determined to encamp for a day or two, to recruit our animals on the luxuriant grass now which there abounds. A few miles only intervened between us and the river.

From the occasional swells of the rolling prairie, we caught views of the white walls of the mission on each brook, prepared to prevent the threatened stampede.

It happened to be my turn that morning to ride in the advance. This post was filled by my Texian in rule, as it was a mark of honor to run from its immunity from dust. It was my duty to look out for montage, and on their appearance, to report them to those in the rear, who immediately collected the scattering members of the herd, closed up the mass, and prevented the animals from on each flank, prepared to prevent the threatened stampede.

I was riding carelessly along, scated sideways on my mule, and engaged in watching the beautiful mirage on the south-eastern horizon, when my attention was called to objects apparently moving along the shore of an illusory lake. The objects seemed to approach nearer and nearer, and now stood out distinctly against the sky. They were certainly horses; so, riding out of the trail, I drew rein till the manada came up, and turning to my saddle, gave the usual alarm, "*Montage! montage!*"

Sparey, it seems, had also seen them, and standing his eyes with his raised hat, was intently gazing, scrutinizing observation across the prairie, then, turning to me, coolly replied—

"I'm, doctor, then are montage—there's no doubt of that—but they're mounted, though. There's no Regin on the far side of any one of those critters yonder!"

I certainly could distinguish nothing but what appeared to be a large herd of mustangs, apparently approaching us at a leisurely trot, and so I expressed myself to the old man.

"Did you ever see a Comanche or Lipan?" inquired he, with his eye still fixed upon the horizon.

I admitted that I had not, and acknowledged my ignorance of their habits.

"Well, I reckon you'll know enough of 'em soon, and rather expected to meet some; I reckon, it'll prove to some on us, too," he replied. "If they were mere montage to shoot down a perfect pell, you'd see nothing but a foot sticking over the back of each of them horses. The feet think we are greenhorns—they're trying to come the old wild running game over us—but I reckon I can't cause it over an old Texian. Now, doctor, continued he, "them red devils ponder are too many for us, and here in the open prairie we must make a run for it, and corral our critters in the old mission there ahead, and then make the best fight we can."

So saying, he spurred up to the manada, which, while we were engaged in examining the approaching objects, had moved ahead, and giving the customary orders, we were soon all rapidly galloping towards the mission.

The Indians—for such they really were—seeing that they had been discovered, now raised themselves erect in their saddles, and, with discordant whooping, dashed along over the plain. Their design evidently was to cut us off from the mission.

We had the start of them, however, by more than a mile. But as they were mounted on fleet and fresh horses, they rapidly gained upon us. Before we reached the great gateway the savages were within hailing distance; but we succeeded in getting in with our animals before they came up. To our great surprise we found the mission buildings were silently in the occupation of another party. This was a crowd of women and children, with a small number of armed men. The latter received us gladly, and assisted us in securing our horses. They had observed our approach from the housetops, where they had been on the lookout for Indians, and descending, hailed our little party as welcome allies in the hour of need. They were a portion of the inhabitants of the village on the opposite side of the river. From them we gathered, in a few words, the cause of the large force collected in this place.

The Indians were threatening the settlements and town of Refugio, about twenty miles distant to the south, and messengers had that morning early arrived, calling upon the men of Goliad to come to their assistance. The Irish settlement of San Patricio, on the Nueces, had already been attacked, and the people were on the trail. Not fearing an immediate attack upon their own place, the Goliad people, after placing their families in the old mission, as the strongest shelter, and defailing fifteen of their young men for its defense, hastened to the relief of their neighbors of Refugio.

It is customary thus, among the widely-scattered settlements of southern Texas, to call upon each other for help in case of an Indian raid, and no consideration, except the imminent peril of their own families, would prevent them from thus flying to the succor.

Our party now added to the Goliad men, made quite a force of more than fifty armed men, and the place against a force of more than two hundred there, was impregnable.

We hastened to reach the tops of the buildings, occupied by the women and children, as the Indians came whooping and yelling towards us, we received them with the customs of our cities. A good number succeeded in the manœuvre. But they still charged on, almost under the eaves of the houses, in their determination to drive us to our party. The men of Goliad, then whom no better Indian fighters are to be found in Texas, exhibit, loaded and discharged their weapons with the coolness of veterans, and shot down the savages from their horses as they would wild turkies from the hickory trees.

Meeting a warmer reception than they had reckoned upon, the Indians drew back beyond rifle shot, and for a little time seemed to be engaged in a consultation. In a few minutes, however, they rallied on their chiefs in their determination to avenge their galling vengeance, dashed into the trail leading to the fort, and, dismounting, left their horses in charge.

"Take that, you bloody cut-throat!" exclaimed Sparey, as he sent a parting shot whistling after the hideous savage.

The distance was long, but the unerring rifle of the old Texian sent the ball back beyond the mark, form of the red warrior measured its length upon the golden.

Gathering up the body and accoutrements of their dead comrades and giving a fierce yell of defiance, the Indians retreated beyond the reach of the San Antonio. In another moment they had buried them in the river.

From where we stood upon the flat roofs we could see the motions of the savages. Soon a large fagot was filled the *elements* of the little town. They dismounted and commenced collecting brush at the doors and windows of the houses. Then were none to dispute the possession of the town. Each of these mountains before every dwelling was broken up, and the contents scattered over the streets.

The stores offered a tempting array of plunder to the red devils, and they were not long in dividing the spoils. Some of them commenced rolling Barrels of the fire-water were rolled into the streets, set open on their heads and the drinks broached.

Then commenced an indescribable pandemonium; yell, like those just previously given, filled the air with their demoniacal whoops. The wanton destruction of property, the drunken revelry in grotesque disorder, circled and danced around the whole group, and hovered over their heads.

The scene

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

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In addition to the above unrivalled array of distinguished writers, we have engaged the services of many others, who are favored with occasional contributions from the most eminent popular writers, as will be seen by reference to our columns from week to week. We have no money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, but we have what is better, the worldly reputation of the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any two others.

NO.

Not a little of our quantity and success in life depend on the well-timed and resolute utterance of that monosyllable.

Sometimes it is an assertion of individuality; and every man, whether he knows it or not, has a right to that. Sometimes it is a safeguard against temptation; and every man, also, has need of it. Sometimes it is the instrument of an effectual and impassable bar against the selfishness, the insinuating artifice, the importunity or even the violence of others; and who is so happy as not to be assailed by them? A brilliant merchant of New York used to say that he was largely indebted for his success in life to his ability to say no.

Napoleon cast a longing eye on Spain. The annexation of that splendid kingdom was absolutely necessary, he said, to give to his already ample realm the completeness and rotundity which he desired. A diplomatic intriguer was the chief instrument in the matter, in which Spain was represented by one of her ancient magnates. The wily, the unprincipled, the boundless promises, the insinuated threats of Napoleon were all tempted in vain, and that bland smile which was said to execute a sort of fascination upon those on whom its influence was exerted. The noble old Hidalgo, to whom the interests of the sovereign and the independent national nobility of his country had been confided, heard him through;—and then, drawing himself up into a grand and commanding attitude, he gave his whole answer in the single word—No. Napoleon himself was struck with admiration at the dignity and firmness manifested in that answer. When afterwards asked by a distinguished personage what had been the result of the interview, he replied, "Oh, he treated me to a magnificent No."

And so, when well-dined and finely adhered to, or a "magnificent" blow or a still more magnificent stroke, a strong defence, a shutting up the gates and dropping the portcullis of the soul when a wily and treacherous enemy, with brave bold lie, ambush in the back ground, is parleying for admission. It is "magnificent" for the moral dignity and dignity which it manifests, and for the security it throws over all those glorious blessings and hopes with the withdrawal of that one bolt would leave all the envy of a ruthless conqueror.

Revive your own life, and you will find that out of a few of its most serious experiences, the heartiest losses, its safest deliverances from right, its most entangling association, might have been prevented by a timely utterance of a word. What bitter tears, what long and hard struggles and inextricable perplexities might it have spared you!

Many a man has written himself and family into poverty by putting down his name across the civil signature of another, who might have secured competence and tranquility to the rest of his days by just saying—no.

Many a youth has yielded to the temptations which undermined truth, virtue, honesty, character—who might have kept all these and all the blessings that are kept or lost with them, if he had met the first whisper of the tempter by a resolute no. Is not that "a magnificent no" which never met an empire but a soul!

THE REASON WHY.

Many opinions have been expressed as to the probable cause of the murders recently committed in his own family by young Cornell, son of the city, all of which, it seems to us, are wide of the mark. The young man simply acted out the real nature. *Any* man who makes a practice of hanging around houses of viciousness, and habitually eats the bread of idleness, has native corruption enough in him to furnish the impulse to any crime that in his opinion may become expedient or desirable. An old man, who has served his time in the ranks of industry and done his man's work in the world, has earned the right to repent, and may innocently enjoy it; but the young man, be he rich or be he poor, who constantly consumes what he does not earn, is a moral monster, and is bad person, and is ripening for dangerous and perilous.

TWO MIRACLES.

In a letter to Chancellor Bloch, dated August 3, 1636, Luther says, "I have lately witnessed two miracles. This is the first: As I was at my window, I saw the stars and the sky, and that vast and magnificent firmament in which the Lord has placed them. I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master has supported their immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall.

"And here is the second: I beheld thick clouds hanging above the lake at Wittenberg. I could neither perceive ground on which they rested, nor cords by which they were suspended; and yet they did not fall upon us, but skimmed so rapidly and fast away."

These were great miracles. We have seen them both. In fact, within the last few hours, we have witnessed several others quite as astonishing. Last evening, in the western sky, a little above the horizon, we saw what looked very much like a globe of fire, followed by a train which reached far up towards the zenith. Such an one appeared in 1833, and the train then was supposed to be at least to 5,000 miles greater than that of red hot iron. It moves about fifteen miles to the second of time. Its train is about twenty millions of miles in length. Short time since, the Lord threw down a few hailstones that magnificent planet has passed. About 100 of them fell upon Wittenberg, and upon each side of it, some of them have been history; some have been given to the winds and some have been suddenly decked over dressed to lie through those regions of space, and to shine as stars for ages and ages to come.

Another miracle. Last night the writer was very tired. All energy of action and thought seemed to be exhausted by the wear and tear of the day. About ten o'clock we lay down, and presently sunk away into a state of unconsciousness—unconscious of the past, all or seven hours we have nothing that was going on around us. It was a state very much like death. But at the end of that time we came to. We felt as if the freshness of a new life was upon us over every limb and faculty. From a condition so nearly resembling death, we seemed to awake to a new life. Calm, vigorous and hopeful, we got up and prepared for a new day with little or no effort.

Another yet. When we sank away into the oblivious state last night, the air was dark, cold and heavy. The rain was falling in torrents, and the twilight suffused the eastern sky. The clouds were light with a diseased brilliancy from the sun. Presently a magnificent orb appeared over the eastern horizon. It was a magnificent sight. Its rays were full and bold. Bleed over the earth and filled the atmosphere. They were magic in their power over the sensations of light and heat! How is it that the earth, though performing at once two movements, one on its axis, the other in its orbit, both of prodigious velocity, yet meets these rays with such mere precision, that time is measured and all the delicate instruments corrected and adjusted by the progress of the morning light!

What glorious "miracles" are the alternations of night and morning! How sublime are they—and cheap, as well as great and beautiful!

In fact, the physical history, the history of the world, the life of man, presents a perpetual succession of "miracles" in the open eye, the thoughtful and thankful mind.

"SATAN EXPROVING SIN."

A leading daily journal, in the very same issue which gave an article condemning gin drinking, gave a description of the last bloody and disgraceful exhibition in that line, not excelled if equalled by the reports of the most loathsome of the sporting papers themselves! In observing this glaring inconsistency, we were forcibly reminded of the saying about "Satan reproving sin."

And here is illustrated one of the weakness of not a few of our public journalists, who prefer to have at least the writers of their articles, if not the owners of their journals, they are unusually giving the lie to their high professions. They are the mere creatures of the relations of the beer who mix up the plot, in a brewing alley, to the paper. As fast as he sells them up they are ready to do any thing that makes any tendency. So, as fast the editorial writers of these favorites, and of every other disreputable, journals set up their well-elaborated homilies against prize fighting, they are compelled knock them down with the force of a ten-strike! One would really think that the editorial sanctum would blush at the sight of their own columns. The miserable contrast between the pompous and such discordating dishes as those referred to, and those which are worse, if possible, give one room to hope, after all, that the world is not quite so dead old wicked.

But there is not much room to hope that prize fights will cease, so long as the public mind is encouraged in other ways, such as the appointment of notorious gamblers to office, and the pardon of felons—men who would never have been heard of, but for the notoriety they have acquired by their bloody and brutal exploits! And that at least one such has actually held an appointment under one of the departments of the National bureaus of our Government, is a fact which has gone into history, beyond the power of recall.

LOUNGING!

What a habit for an educated being in an age of such stirring events and so characterized by busy life as this, which we are permitted to see and live! And, yet, see how many thousands are addicted to the most contemptible of vices!

A friend of ours prides himself on the fact that, when he is absent from his domestic circle, after the close of the day, he never is known to be out of it—in other words, he never suffers himself to become a lounger about bar-rooms, or to be at any time even his hours of leisure. The reason of his habitual presence in his domestic circle, we suppose, is that he does not like the society of the lounger's habit; while living in country village, and see so much of it in other men, that he never thinks of it but with loathing and horror.

It is to villagers, rather than citizens, that we address ourselves. In cities, there is so much, of one kind and of all kinds, to occupy every hour, that habit is not so prevalent as in rural places. In the latter, it often becomes a second and most unfortunate, from which scarcely a male inhabitant escapes. The moment the evening meal is taken away, they go to some favorite lounging place at the store, or the tavern, leaving their families—perhaps young wives whom they have brought among strangers—to pass the long winter or hot summer evening in solitude, while they talk politics, smoke segars, and squirt tobacco juice among their fellow loungers! We wish we could avoid hearing that they are not, some of them, engaged in even worse practices, to which this sufficiently detestable one of lounging so frequently leads.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A LIFE SKETCH.

A small, dark, cheerless room, an unshapely bed, upon which lay an unshapely mummy of humanity, whose faded eyes had wandered up and down those barren walls for years, till every spot and crevice was so familiarly mapped out to the closest gaze, and the tenant of the chamber had grown colorless and dreary she propped up, worn-out body, with three-legged stool, and dingy, weary and broken-panel window with its staffing of rags and paper, which had the wished through them, passing away! pasting away! Mournful memories, the slow, sad procession of lost hopes trailing their tarnished, unshapely garments across the unremembered dusty years, palsying the tongue, blurring over the eye-sight, and, while the lingers room with unspeakable and restless longings for something to rest upon, yet feeble delicate, gloom and decay.

Now and then a neighbor, poor and care-worn as herself, looked in upon the bed-ridden old woman about her daily task, God knows, it was hungering, scramble for daily food, to think or care for aught else; none of them have ever her history; none have their own she must think and care been so suddenly decked over dressed to lie through those regions of space, and to shine as stars for ages and ages to come. Another yet. When we sank away into the oblivious state last night, the air was dark, cold and heavy. The rain was falling in torrents, and the twilight suffused the eastern sky. The clouds were light with a diseased brilliancy from the sun. Presently a magnificent orb appeared over the eastern horizon. It was a magnificent sight. Its rays were full and bold. Bleed over the earth and filled the atmosphere. They were magic in their power over the sensations of light and heat! How is it that the earth, though performing at once two movements, one on its axis, the other in its orbit, both of prodigious velocity, yet meets these rays with such mere precision, that time is measured and all the delicate instruments corrected and adjusted by the progress of the morning light!

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EQUALITY.

Humanly speaking, beyond the natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, there is, and of necessity can be but little equality among men. There is everywhere and always upon the least observation, an almost infinite gradation of qualities and capacities, that go to determine the true attitude of every man, and to show that men are no more equal in intellect, morals and sociality, than the trees of a forest are equal in hight. And this fact, instead of impeaching—as some of the democracies of the Creation, from out of the clearest reach of His unerring wisdom; for without the gradation, there could be no subsidiary division of necessary human labor, and no harmony in our community among men.

If all men were equal, in all respects, who would be found willing to serve in any subordinate capacity, or accept any inferior reward or honor? Who would consent to mail and drudge, while his no better fellow man took but the pleasurable post, or profitable label in luxury? It is easy to see that with such a condition of humanity, there would be no willing doers of humbler duty, or of inferior work. But if all such difficulty were to be overcome by each doing his own drudgery, still perfect equality would refuse society to a human mono drid-level. Without the spur of a possibility of superior individual eminence, the human mind would stagnate. Pride and blame would become idle terms, and ambition cease to exist, into where there were no chances for distinction.

The Almighty knew better than our wisest political levelers—who, by the way, are for leveling down those who are above, rather than leveling up those who are below—to prefer the much more manifold for their own highest good. By the law of very inequality which he established, freedom would do away, if they could, God has provided a basis for every species of human labor, giving some hopeful spur to every worker, and by which the million realize variety of conditions and professions. Human philosophy can no more improve upon this divine arrangement than it can upon the physical machinery of the universe. It is a part of "the eternal fitness of things," which characterizes all of God's works.

But while the bad man must be ever condemned, and his foolish man given over to his fate, there is nothing, necessarily, in the inequality of human circumstances to prevent the humblest man, who seeks the best he knows, and does the best he can, to be still in the whole duty. If he accepts a lot beneath his capacity when he might have had a higher, he will descend and punish himself. It is the world out of the best that he is in again, that attains his worth and nobility, and though he toil not and spin, he wears by humble and labors in purpose and spirit, compared with his advantages, as well equal to the greatest man. Happily for us, except in natural rights, must be forever among men unequal in every thing. Men are above one another, but to what God has ordered them to be and to do, and each finds his level and his duty more providentially than is generally understood.

A GOOD JOKE.

The Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria.—On the occasion of the recent meeting of these two illustrious ladies at Cherbourg, the extraordinary circulation of the New York Ledger was rewarded by the presentation with much ceremony, of a superb purse and the Queen—who, by the by, are regular and most enthusiastic admirers of the Ledger—were most impressed with the idea of what an immense purse would require in such an amount of specie as the circulation must yield to the proprietor. "The price of the Ledger," said the Empress, "is $2 a year, one-half of which must, of course, be clear profit. The circulation is reported as over three hundred and fifty thousand, at the very lowest. At a dollar a copy, this, of course, gives a clear profit of $175,000 (which I should think would be to two millions of francs) per annum—just a nice little sum to clear-up! I shall have the Bonners—a paper in opposition to the Lancets at once, with the understanding that I am to have the profits for my own pocket-money."

"A-h, my dear Empress," replied the Queen, with an impressive shake of the head, "it is of no use. I and Albert thought of the same thing months ago, and immediately offered him as one impossible of execution."

"Impossible! Nay, Majesty. Impossible! Pray, how and why impossible?"

"I will tell you, my dear Empress. We couldn't get the contributors. That New York publisher, Bonner, has got, at the present moment, all the bound them to write 'exclusively' for the Ledger."

"If that be the case, your Majesty, I shall have the pleasure of offering the contributors to the Ledger—the'll be the next best thing to publishing it."

The Queen was about to make an angry reply, (as she was then a little under the influence of wine for Albert,) when fortunately the signal gun announced the departure of the Imperial party on the respective ship-of-war, and a rupture of the friendly relations between France and England was thus happily avoided.

HAMMER AND ANVIL.

It is not every man who knows that he has a musical nerve in the inside of his head. Yet so much is the fact. The delicate and mysterious machinery of the ear is made up of the *malleus* (hammer) and *incus* (anvil). A French scientician has recently asserted that if any one will strike a piece of steel with a file, and then apply to give five movements to the head and to prevent striking sounds, and then move the head rapidly from one side to the other, the note as will be distinctly heard. Another writer has experimented on the malleus on the ears; that if two ears are audible in a room, the sensitiveness is diminished in proportion to the number of sounds; if only one, the like sensitiveness is less degree; if two ears are heard in discomfort, it indicates an incapacity to appreciate and enjoy harmony; and, in fact, an aversion to music amounting often to disgust. In putting this theory to the test of experiment, we would recommend the avoidance of a too sudden and violent movement, which might be attended with injury to the delicate machine of the ears.

ABOUT SOME HORSES.

A contemporary quotes a statement of an English paper in regard to the recent sale of a horse, in London, for two thousand dollars, and says that "all such stuff and stories are sheer nonsense, as there is not more than a dozen horses will be, or have worth two thousand dollars." We are constrained to differ with the editor who penned that sentence. We know several horses, none of which could be bought for two thousand dollars, and a few that would bring from three to five thousand dollars a piece. The owner of the famous Morgan horse, "Ethan Allen," has been offered twenty thousand dollars cash in hand for him, which sum he contemptuously refused; and it is positively certain, by those who have abundant means of knowing, that "Ethan Allen" cannot be bought for a dime less than forty thousand dollars.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THAT man must have a poor and frozen fancy who does not espouse a nice and warm electrical to his own will, which he can order to stir with much less difficulty than he can bring up his servants in the morning, and, as to meals, labor, and recreation, he who cannot accept them up to his orderly state is as guilty as he who pronounces the world, may repeat upon it that he is—an ingrate.

To a man of genius, though, a glorious scene in nature, once beheld, is a portion of eternity reckoned within a frame, and boldness of conception, from the grand gallery of heaven and hung up forever to one of the chambers of the brain, which, in after age can achieve, no heat nor cold, can crack its exertion, or can the lapse of its taste.

DR. J. J. GOODMAN, of New York, the fire-king, who used to eat in hot ovens with legs of mutton till the latter were cooked, and who was also the French physician for whom Robert Houdin for having served eleven six years in Napoleon's Grand Army. We doubt it was in this service he learned to stand fire.

A STRIPPED woman of our acquaintance caught her husband the other day in the act of kissing her sleeve. The emotion or something else had a singular effect upon him. He has since cut at an extraordinary rate.

"YOU would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman encouragingly to a young lady, "if your style were only a little larger." "My style may be very small, sir, but I hope people to you don't find it so."

THERE was never a more beautiful reply than that of a great man of old, who was asked how he became so rich. "I neglected the riches to draw near to Him who possesses the riches of heaven and earth."

"YOUNG man," said a minister to a youth of his congregation, "do you ever remember your mother in your prayers?" "Yes, sir," two months and a grandmother, but I have not been to meeting much lately."

THE powerful are more deaf to the voice of remonstrance than to that of flattery. Remonstrance irritates and flattery soothes our delusions by hiding us from ourselves.

IT is better to have been wisdom without learning than learning without wisdom, for the one will make a man happy in himself, and the other will make him happy with others.

AS the mean have a calculating mind, so the ambitious incline them to give, as the magnanimous have a generous disposition, to be ambitious without being mean.

CARE has a trumpet and a scroll and a pair of wings, but we could never hear that she had such a thing as a heart about her, or that she could understand one.

IT may be seriously doubted whether the slighting of a favor is not more endurable to an ambitious man, or harassed on many occasion, as the singing of the ass-bird.

THE greatest blessing that we can have, we will one of his place thirty years old. We married he has met with a great many of them each child has blessed.

MONTHS is said to be selfishness, because, being of a short duration, they are soon gone. Years is to be heaven," it will shrink itself to nothing.

CARE has made a corpse

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY ALICE CARY.

O how empty of delight,
And how full of heavy care,
Were a house would be in night,
But for little children there.

Ah, what picture is so fair
As the bounteous cabin wall,
That is garnished with a pair
Of bright shoes and stockings small.

And what pleasant music goes
Sings to memory half as sweet,
As the rudest flow, viewless,
Falls the poorer of hers feet.

Blessings, blessings on the feet
Of the little children dear,
Feet of life shining busily
That have never known a care.

Pity for the heart that bleeds
For its treasures stolen away,
When on home trusting graves
Make the weary mourning rain;

Where, within some unused grass,
Some lichen, wet with tears, are spread
O'er each tiny cap and dress,
Sacred in the caring dead.

Safely to the heavenly fold,
Bring them, wherever they be,
Thou, who midst of thorn, of old,
Gather'dst lambs in arms to fee!

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER C.

THE COMING AVENGERS.

Intelligence of the death of Andrew Sites fell like a thunderbolt on Lady Boothroyd. It seemed to her like the breaking of the first thread in the web she had so skillfully woven. Marshall, the lawyer, was instantly telegraphed for; and, after a long conference went down to St. Falin's with instructions to secure all papers, deeds, and letters the steward might have left in his hands, pertaining to the Wolfern estate.

It was an anxious interval with the ambitious woman, till her agent returned. At the first glance of his features, she read that he had failed.

"How so," said the man of law, "before you blame me, I beg you to listen to my story." And, but proceeded at once to the Home Farm; but found speedy assertion to the excuses he had taken possession."

"Pshaw," muttered her ladyship, angrily, "cousin. Have you fixed all these years without learning the use of money? I gave you carte blanche."

"It was spoken in the present instance," observed Marshall.

"How so?"

"The executors are Mr. Thornton and the tenant of Meldrum. I think your ladyship must admit, with me, it would have been wrong to have thought of bribing them."

Lady Boothroyd changed color at the intelligence—the blow was as severe as unexpected. Of all men, Mr. Thornton was the one, perhaps, she dreaded most.

"Your visit, then, has utterly failed?" she observed.

"As far as actual success is concerned, it has," answered the lawyer; "but I have obtained valuable information."

"Proceed," exclaimed the hearer, inquisitively.

"Andrew, you are aware, was murdered by his brother, who lately escaped from the halls at Chollaton, who—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted her ladyship, "I have heard that. The rector wrote to inform me, the wretched murderer was dead at the time, and it since died."

"His rest not alone," continued her agent; "he had a companion, of whom identity I have obtained a clue."

"What can I for the identity of the assassin?" interrupted the lady, in a tone of angry impatience.

"You have not heard of" said Mr. Marshall, with a cautious emphasis upon the word "all."

In an instant his hearer became calm.

"The man I allude to," continued the speaker, "escaped at the very moment the crime was detected. In his flight he took with him some deed or parchment, which the steward had been pending when they surprised him."

"It must have been the codicil," exclaimed Lady Boothroyd, thrown off her guard by the intelligence.

Scarcely had the words passed her lips than she bitterly regretted the indiscretion.

"Codicil," mentally ejaculated the lawyer, "to whose will, I wonder; Sir Norman's, or its sister's?"

"Marshall," said the widow of his former client "I will not attempt to deceive you. There are reasons which make the recovery of that deed of importance to me. You say you have obtained a clue to the identity of the ruffian who has possessed himself of it. Follow it up. Spare no expense of the blood-hound; spare not either for money or promises; bring it to me, and name your own reward."

"Liberal-hearted, Lady Boothroyd; certainly very liberal," replied her agent; "and I will do my best to carry out your instructions."

"I believe when Sir Andrew Sites laid his ill-gotten wealth t" demanded her ladyship.

Her visitor could scarcely repress a smile. The question confirmed the suspicions he had long entertained of some dishonest connivance between the steward, which had been constitutionally paid.

"To a young gentleman who proves to be a grandson of Sir Bentley, your cousin of Meldrum?"

"And the motive for this unaccountable generosity?"

"I could not learn that."

"Who drew up the will?"

"Mr. Thornton."

Again the name of her upright country neighbor fell with an ominous, unpleasant sound upon the ear of the unscrupulous, artful woman; who felt that a storm was gathering round her it would require all her energy to meet.

"I must urge this meeting to a conclusion," she said, as soon as she found herself once more alone. "Alice the wife of Hilton, the father must support me with all the influence of his name and character. Our interests will then be his own."

Having come to this conclusion, she wrote two long and artfully concocted letters, one to her daughter, the other to the earl; in which she not only hinted, but urged her views. In the first, she sought to enable the jealousy of the viscount, by informing him of the declaration she had intercepted from William Thornton to her daughter. The attempt failed so far as the jealousy of the noble suitor was concerned, for there can be no jealousy without love; but it served the writer's purpose as well.

It rekindled the slumbering hate he had long entertained against his former defender and schoolfellow.

In her epistle to the earl she complained of his son's coldness and inattention to Alice, and plainly stated her opinion that the match ought to be at once concluded or broken off.

The effect of her scheme was not doubtful. As far as the gentleman was concerned, it was decided.

From the day of Sir Norman's death the promise so fearlessly extorted from his child weighed heavily upon her spirits; it seemed a burning brand like a shroud; for to a pure and generous being like Alice the grave would have been preferable to a marriage with her cousin. There was not one feeling of sympathy between them.

"Would I were poor!" she frequently murmured to herself; "Hilton would not then persecute me with his odious love; love?" she repeated, scornfully; "he knows not the meaning of the word. It is a noble passion, and seeks no happiness that is not mutual. My poor father, little did he imagine the hopeless misery to which he condemned his child. I was weak, very weak to have yielded to his entreaties."

Alice Boothroyd was indeed to be pitied; and yet the world, which judges from the tinsel of outward show, doubtless envied her. She was young, beautiful and rich; what more, in his opinion, could any reasonable being demand to constitute happiness?

More than once the unhappy girl had thought of making an appeal to the honor and manliness of Hilton, and to enforce a promise destructive to her happiness; but when an occasion arrived—they were not frequent, for fleeting scenes of his relative the noble viscount gave himself but little trouble to consolidate her—the courage of Alice failed her.

There was a cynical glance in his cold, gray eye which seemed to mock her sorrow.

She had not even the consolation of a mother's sympathy, for, as our readers are aware, but little

SCHEMING FOR THE CROWN.

could her miserable father offer in the way of consolation.

Since the death of her husband the manœuvring woman had become still more harsh and despotic to her brother, hitching by such avocation to crush all spirit of resistance to her wishes. Little did the parents know the heart of her only child; but for the promise given to the dead, Alice would have broken her fetters and cast them to the wind.

She was raised to the dignity of becoming Sir James's superior, meditating on her unhappy position, when the card and his son were both announced. The pair was not a bad-hearted man; through life everything had gone smoothly with him. The woman he had married performed the duties of her station generally, that is to say, she received his friends, presided at his table, and made his house agreeable by the refinement of her manners. Every one admired, and spoke well of the consistent. What could he desire more?

"My mother is in her dressing-room," said his niece, after the usual compliments and inquiries had passed; "I will inform her you are here."

Like the flattered bird, she wished to escape the presence of her persecutor; but his lordship comprehended her motive, and, with his usual tact, declined it.

"I am quite old enough," he said, "to visit my elder sister in her dressing-room without scandal; I do not trouble yourself, Alice."

Before she could reply to him he had quitted the room.

Evidently the visit of Lord Carlington and his son, as well as the absence of her mother, had been arranged.

Without being positively rude, Alice could not quit the room; to conceal her embarrassment, she walked to the window and gazed on the children and their nurses in the square.

She certainly does most carefully detect me," thought the girl, as the silence of her mother, had been arranged.

Without being positively rude, Alice could not quit the room; to conceal her embarrassment, she walked to the window and gazed on the children and their nurses in the square.

She certainly does most carefully detect me," thought the girl, as the silence of her mother, had been arranged.

"You must find your home exceedingly dull," he said, speaking aloud, "especially at this season of the year. My father's visit to town in a mere flying one—a cabinet council, or some such group of fair."

Alice glanced at the mourning dress she still wore for the latter. The speaker understood the appeal.

"Ah! yes," he continued; "but that was six months ago. Consider my feelings."

The smile of scorn which curled the lips of his hearer stung the speaker to the quick, for, like most selfish men, he was at rain at heartless.

"Not that I presume to urge them," he added, in a tone of bitterness. "The well I know how slight a return my devoted love has awakened in your heart. But is it wise, Alice, to cherish this indifference? Marriage is an arrangement settled beyond the power of recall. Instead of proclaiming the engagement in the extreme limit your promise to your father will allow you, why not at once fulfill it?"

The visible shudder which ran through the frame of his companion served to enhance the wounded feel of inducing her to harm the priest of the sacrifice.

"The countess and your mother are of opinion," he resumed, "that you might do so without impropriety, and you know they are influenced by no antipathies in all that regards the nonsense do society."

Act generously, Hilton," exclaimed Alice Boothroyd, gathering courage from her despair, "and instead of urging the completion of a promise in wrung from my lips by a dying parent's entreaties, release me from it. It is not my faith that I cannot love," she added, "that my heart revolts at the idea. In the world you may find one more sensible of the honor of bearing your name."

"But not worthy," interrupted his lordship, with a forced attempt at gallantry.

"Sir?"

"Scarcely."

"And richer."

"You insult me, Alice, by a supposition that wealth could influence me. Were you poor and dowerless, I should still demand the fulfillment of the promise *made to your dead father.*"

The marked emphasis upon the last few words proved that the speaker indulged in no illusion respecting the nature of the chain by which he held his victim bound.

"You must have some heart," continued the poor girl. "Why condemn me to a fate others might envy? Why pass like a dark shadow between me and the sunshine of existence? Release me from my fatal, inconsiderate promise, and I will bless you."

"Never!"

"Pledge myself never to be another's."

"Never," repeated his lordship, with a bitterness which denoted the depth of his resolution. "You have my answer."

"Then you are base, cowardly," replied Alice, bursting into tears; "but it is a heartless and unmanly one. I have exhausted my pride in begging where I despise. I have received your answer, my lord, now hear mine. Until the customary year of mourning has expired, no amount of persuasion or persecution shall induce me to become your bride. The pleasure may be a sad one, but I will sacrifice my last hope of liberty."

"And when the years have expired?"

"Your son, sir," she answered, betraying from him with an expression of lofty scorn and disgust. "If living, the sacrifice will not be worthless."

The promise is not a very gracious one," observed the gentleman, with an insulting leer, "but it will be remembered."

"Almost childish!" exclaimed Lady Boothroyd, entering from the inner dressing-room, where she had been a concealed listener to the latter part of the conversation we have narrated. "Alice, I blush for you."

"Happy your children, if they given you occasion, mother," answered her daughter, calmly; "but I am not one of them."

"Alice, my dear child," said her uncle, who now joined the group, "this is positively unkind of Hilton's feelings."

"Is he the father?" he mentally added; "why does he not try to look a little more paternal?"

"He has shown so much for mine," observed the speaker, with reproachful tone.

"Incorrect that he loves," urged the poor.

"Alice," replied the mother.

It was in vain that Lady Boothroyd tried to shield her daughter from the storm of her wrath; intrusion, sophistry, and reproaches: the resolution of the unhappy girl was unchangeable. She could meet beyond the limits of endurance by her mother's violence, the hitherto meek and obedient child became the unyielding rebel by the stern determination she displayed.

"This is a cruelty," she exclaimed, "which nature tells me I ought to resist. Reason suggests a doubt whether I am not bound by a promise extorted from me by a person on her death-bed. Either thus be found to be fulfilled I will perform it," she added, with nervous excitement, "and let the sin, if sin there be, fall upon those who have driven me to it."

"Alice!"

"Your mother," said her uncle, in a tone of reproof, "is right. Your duty to your parent is quite clear in this respect."

Alice did not feel so convinced, and her resolution once more reverted to the prisoner in the pavilion, and the first faint dawn of hope awoke in her heart.

"Were I gone," she thought, "Hilton would never dare to keep me from my father. I have proved that the claims of Lillian might prove powerful."

Gladly would the persecuted girl have exchanged wealth for liberty.

CHAPTER CI.

THE "DETECTIVE."

Life and death were not the only events which, and experience daily proves the truth of the aphorism. Happy would it be for mankind if uncertainty in human affairs were limited to these; such, however, unfortunately is not the case. Health, riches, fame, success, friendship, and even love, are subject to the same end law. A day, an hour, may undermine the foundations upon which they rest, and all, rest, leaving like a shock—existence a wreck.

The more we reflect upon this subject, the more inevitable the conclusion we arrive at. Certainty exists only in the exact sciences—uncertainty is one of the conditions of our existence.

But of all the uncertainties in this uncertain world, the greatest uncertainty most certainly is the law; compared with it all others appear indeed—a mole-hill to a mountain, or, as Hamlet has it, "Ores to a word."

Such at least was the inference which Sir Charles Fourrose, Lieutenant Monk, and our hero drew from the opinions of three eminent counsel whom Mr. Morton had consulted on behalf of Lillian.

Sir Frederick Silvertongue considered that a case of conspiracy and abduction might possibly be proved, and suggested criminal proceedings against Lady Boothroyd.

Serjeant Rough was of opinion that criminal proceedings were quite out of the question, inasmuch as the Boothroyds were the legal guardians of their niece, and had, therefore, control and undoubted right to the disposal of her person.

Mr. Jeames, the great chancery solicitor, advised a bill in equity, calling upon the executors of the late Sir Andrew Sites to account for the manner in the estate of the personality which the testator had neglected to dispose of. As her father's representative, he considered the young lady had a right to a share in it.

There was one point, however, the three gentlemen of the long robe unanimously agreed in. That in the absence of any legal proof of the marriage of Allan Boothroyd, the case became involved in considerable obscurity.

"Obscurity!" exclaimed Richard Hoffman; "why it is as clear as the sun in the heavens at noon-day!"

"Morally clear, my dear boy," said the friendly lawyer, tapping him on the shoulder, "morally clear. Unfortunately justice does not see with our eyes."

"Eyes!" repeated the lover of Lillian, indignantly. "It must be blind as ignorance, willful blind; how else can you explain the——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Mr. Morton, good-humoredly. "Time was that I entertained some such crude notions myself."

"I confess that I cannot comprehend this diversity of opinion," observed Sir Charles, "where none ought to exist. If her is a shivver, it certainly is one of the exact sciences."

"And therein lies its beauty," replied the lawyer. "You cannot see it, it is hardly to be expected that you should do so, but I can; it has been the study of my life."

His hearers came, mentally of course, to a conclusion as unanimous as the one the three eminent counsel had arrived at, that the study was anything but a profitable one.

"After all, Morton," said the lieutenant, who had not previously spoken, "you have not given us your opinion. I, for one, had inclined to be guided by it, assured that it will be an honest one. Do you incline to Silvertongue's advice?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "Serjeant Rough's objection I consider fatal; the bill in equity is decidedly my last resource."

The turnout and our hero looked disappointed.

"The pecuniary interest, were it even greater, is a mere secondary consideration," observed the former; "Lillian will be sufficiently rich without it. What I propose to you is to appeal at once to the name of Boothroyd."

"And do you not perceive, Sir Charles," answered Mr. Morton, "that by the means proposed, we should expose the character of Lillian's mother, and will direct an action to be tried at common law; and in this it is my object to seek out witnesses to the marriage. I am sorry to disagree with you," he continued, "as to the pecuniary point; in my opinion it is a thing much larger than the world has had it been otherwise; Lady Boothroyd would never have consented to her daughter's union, to my nothing of her personal safety, by so decided a step as the institution of her cause, which, fortunately, we are in a condition to prove."

The lawyer looked approvingly.

"If we could only obtain the parchment deed, still, or codicil, whichever it may prove," observed the speaker—"and I am not without hopes of recovering it soon—the case would be more than half filled—we should then be in a position to judge of her ladyship's motives."

"Something I can understand at last!" exclaimed the baronet, pleased with the clearness with which the lawyer explained his views. "I am not urge you to see every means—to spare no expense; money is not an object."

"The first time I ever received such an intimation," observed Mr. Morton, with a smile, "but clients levity a melancholy impatience on the subject of costs. Your word shall do my best."

The mode of action having been decided upon, the gentlemen returned to Morton's where they found Major Hawley and his strong-minded little wife. They had called during their absence to renew their acquaintance with their god-daughter.

The major was not quite such a favorite at the place where Lillian introduced him to her. The worthy gentleman's missionary—considering that he was not a military man, her keen-blood of a soldier—he had learned from the latter's mother had whilst her husband shook hands with him most cordially.

"As a lawyer is a clear-headed man," observed Mrs. Major Hawley, when informed where Sir Charles and his companions had gone on the morning; "one of the very few I have met with who understand anything about it."

"And an honorable as he is clear-headed," replied Richard Hoffman. "I have known him from boyhood."

"And what may he be?" demanded the lady.

"The great authority in his line of business of any legal proof of the marriage of Allan Boothroyd?"

"Legal proof!" exclaimed the major, out of countenance; "what does the man mean? Was not the mother of Lillian present to his wife? Is not received everywhere as his wife? Would everywhere as his wife? I should like to have seen the officer who dared to say, added, in a tone of indignation, "who would have ventured to introduce any other person as Allan's wife."

The eyes of Lillian filled with tears; in her proactive nature it was painful to have even the possibility of her parents not having been united, discussed.

"To doubt it," said the lieutenant, with emotion, "even as regards the purity of parents hatred, but apart from a brother's partial fondness, a soldier being no'er existed than my friend Allan. Were I made a judge I should feel unwilling to obtain the certificate of her marriage; but, unfortunately, the case is not in my hands. It has been entrusted had been destroyed by the rebel sepoys, and that the only witness to the marriage, he continued, "who were on such intimate and affectionate terms with her father, was the native bride, was the chaplain by whom the rite was celebrated?"

"Never."

"Can inquire where?"

"I had no motive for such a question," answered the major, coldly. "It was one who ever came in contact with Mrs. Boothroyd could have entertained a doubt upon the subject. All I know is, that it took place before Allan obtained his appointment. You should have seen him; there never was a more fond, devoted husband—he was as proud of her as fond. Do you remember, Hawley, how indignant he expressed himself when Gresham, of the Artillery, proposed to him, because his wife was an Indian, and Gresham had not even married with him?"

"Certainly, my love," said the major; "it almost came to a quarrel. And, after all, the party

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you allude to was to be pitied as much as blamed," she said.

"Huxley!" interrupted his wife, with "none of your barrack-room manners for profligacy, if you please; highly unbecoming on your parts—you—"

The gentleman referred to the inspiler at the reproof thus sharply administered; but, like a well-trained husband, submitted to it.

"Lillian, my love!" said the lady, willing to change the subject, while she saw was a painful one to her god-daughter, "you do not wear my gift."

The fair girl regarded her with surprise.

"I mean," added the speaker, "the chain and locket I gave you at your christening—the turquoise. You remember it, Huxley—the one I bought in the bazaar at Delhi."

"Distinctly," replied her husband; "with the sentence from Hafiz—Hope is all—here hath it all,"—engraved upon it. Poor Dr. Tyler and I never could agree about the use of the particle."

"I recollect it perfectly?" exclaimed Lillian, "and were it, I feel certain, during my residence at St. Faith's, but cannot call to mind when or by whom I was deprived of it."

"Perhaps Rose can afford us some information," observed Lady Bell.

Mark Rayner and his wife, who were both staying at the hotel with the baronet and his family, were sent for.

"We never saw the trinket," replied Rose, in answer to the inquiry. "Lady Boothroyd felt a decidedly disappointed at not obtaining possession of it; it is one of the articles she alleged for me the filling her promise to give up the leaf ten from the Bible. Happily," she added, with a glance of affection to her husband, "of no importance now."

The subject of the chain and locket was permitted to drop; no one attaching any further value to them than of a memorial of the donor's affection.

We must now request our readers to quit the happy party assembled in the drawing-room at Mivart's, and accompany us to a less interesting locality—a small, only-lodging, unconsidered house in a narrow court in the city. The ground floor consisted of two rooms, both used as offices, and communicating by a green-baize door. It would have puzzled a casual visitor to tell what kind of business could possibly be carried on there.

There were neither a safe nor ledger, boxes for papers, nor shelves for packages of merchandise in either of them; the only articles of furniture consisted of a small round table and a few chairs.

The same description will apply to each of the rooms except that the windows of the one looking into the court were filled with ground glass; with them at the back a similar precaution had not been necessary; they opened into a small yard, part of which was not overlooked by any of the neighbors.

This was the private office of Mr. Meadows, a retired inspector of police, who, for several years had exercised his calling of detective on his own account.

Could the old-panelled walls of either of those rooms have spoken, the world might have revealed strange confidences and startling episodes in real life—secrets to make the hearer of them pale, and give the philosopher a deeper insight into human nature than all his books had given him. Unfortunately, however, they were dumb; the confidences they have received can never be repeated, unless Mr. Meadows should—but nay, the experience of a gentleman "long in little chance of his ever relating them—the speculation is a hopeless one.

There is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of the gentleman we are about to introduce to our readers, and yet we feel disposed to describe him.

Mr. Meadows, judging from our recollection of him—for we have never been sufficiently intimate with him to know his slight eccentricities—stands about five feet eight, or at the most five feet nine; his figure, thin and wiry—giving indication of great strength; his head, small, round, and bald-shaped, not unlike a Puritan's; his features, regular, but not particularly expressive—which latter trait probably constituted one of his great advantages in the profession he had chosen, since it would be hard to listen to the most appalling statements and enlisting sympathies, without betraying the impression they produced.

The gentleman whom we have just sketched—and sanay, no doubt, will recognize the portrait, although it is only a pencil one—was seated in one of the front office, looking over a small memorandum-book, whose contents would have puzzled Champion—who read the hieroglyphics as easily as a boy of ten reads his primer—to decipher.

On each page there appeared a number of little crooked characters, interspersed with mysterious dots and Roman numerals; also, occasionally, a large, a diagram, which must certainly had nothing to do either with Euclid or the Pythagorean Problem. Airy himself would not have attempted to describe it, although no doubt perfectly intelligible to him who drew it.

The occupant of the room had already received one visitor that morning, and was expecting a few seconds, a second, he claims being far more select than numerous; as our readers will have conjectured if we inform them that it was necessary that those who sought his assistance should come, not only with well-filled purses, but perfect confidence, the latter a sine qua non to his retaining any of the former.

Evidently he prided himself upon his professional acuteness, and did not like it to undergo the imputation, however tempting the fee.

There was a ring at the office-bell, followed by a tap at the wall of the passage, given by the servant to ascertain whether his master was engaged.

"Yes?" said the ex-inspector, in a loud, clear tone, but without raising his head from the little memorandum-book, which appeared to have a peculiar attraction for him.

The hall of the street-door were withdrawn, and Mr. Morton entered the room.

"I presume that I am not unknown to you," observed the lawyer, with a smile, "although my visit has destination surprised you.

"Persons in my profession," replied the detective, "rarely forget a face they have once seen; and as for being surprised, respectable men—very respectable ones—frequently visit me."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the gentleman. "The fact is, I require your aid in a very important affair; and may as well state, at once, that the fee will be large, for confidence unbounded."

Mr. Meadows smiled grudgingly.

"Do you consult me on your own account?" he asked.

"No; on the part of a client."

"The name?"

Mr. Morton hesitated.

"First let me inquire," he replied, "whether you are engaged in any affair connected with a murder recently perpetrated in Devonshire?"

"At St. Faith's—the steward of the late Sir Norman Beckford's; I remember the circumstance. There is a large reward offered for one of the assassins who escaped."

"Just so; but you have answered my question," observed Mr. Morton.

"I am not engaged in any other connected, either directly or indirectly, with it," said Mr. Meadows.

And the assurance that he was not, perfectly satisfied his visitor, who at once proceeded to relate to him the history of Lillian; to which the detective listened most attentively without interrupting him by a single question, till he had concluded, when, opening his memorandum-book, he began to write.

"The affair is complicated," he observed; "but I have succeeded in tangling a far more than this. Have you any clue to the name of the man who escaped from the window of the room?"

"A slight one," replied his visitor; "in fact, rather a supposition than a clue. Manders, the partner of the murdered steward—"

"And the murderer?" interjected the ex-inspector of police.

"And the murderer," repeated Mr. Morton, "supposes him to be a fellow named Fiddler Dick."

"His reasons?"

"Fiddler Dick was one of Mike's companions in crime."

"And what is the character of this Manders?" inquired Mr. Meadows.

"He bears an excellent one," replied the lawyer. "He has only just returned from India with the family of Sir Charles Fenwick; all who know him entertain the highest respect for him."

"Without observation, deliberately target against him that might have been lurking in the nature of the deceased?"

"This Fiddler Dick," resumed the speaker, "was a wife who lavished him some years since to the police. The wretched woman died in a temporary dread of his return. I had some communication with her on the subject, and have undertaken, on behalf of Major Hawley and his wife, clients of mine—"

"Do you know her address?"

"No."

"That is of very little consequence," observed Mr. Meadows; "I can find it myself."

"When you have done so I wish you would let me know it."

The other nodded as much as to say certainly, and having made one or two more notes in his memorandum-book, the interview for the reception of the fees, was considered settled.

"You will have no difficulty in hereafter as a retainer," said Morton, handing him a check for a hundred pounds; "for all accessory expenditure you have my blanket."

Very satisfactory—very satisfactory, indeed!" replied the latter, as he glanced at the amount. "I perceive that you understand business thoroughly. It is a pity you have not chosen a more useful profession; I have your address," he added, "and in a few days expect to have information for you."

As Mr. Morton quitted the court, he met a respectable, middle-looking man, with a remarkable expression of feature and style about him, which convinced the lawyer that he came from the country. He was not far wrong in the guess, log no other than Marshall, the solicitor, or, more properly speaking, the attorney of the deceased.

There is a sort of freemasonry in every trade or profession; its members generally recognize each other by some peculiarity which escapes the uninitiated eye, at least it proved so in the present instance, for each of the gentlemen mentally communicated to the other a hint of the law as they passed—Morton to his client, from which was waiting for him; Marshall, to the office of Mr. Meadows.

Although our friend Morton possessed a much higher sense of the real dignity of his profession than the country practitioner, the latter by no means yielded him in his sense of the importance his cause being upon the Scale conferred. With Marshall it was a personal feeling which made him as much at loaded with those he considered his inferiors, as his natural politeness would permit to a barrister and solicitorcast to those above him; to him a police officer was a police officer, and he could not have spoken the object of his visit to the clever detective in the same patronizing tone he would have done to a country client, under the contumelious title of his native county.

"I want to employ you," he said, taking the seat Meadows silently pointed to. "I am told you are a clever officer. At least, I am told so by you well, I expect you to act honestly by me. I am willing to pay you as an honest man ought to be," he added, "so it will be useless to attempt to deceive me."

A difficult task, no doubt," observed the detective, with a suppressed smile.

"I have found it so, I would be," replied his visitor, fixing his eyes upon him. Marshall had already had his full share of fellowship.

"*And having flattered yourself, sir*, perhaps you will explain your business," said Mr. Meadows, rather sharply.

There was something in the tone as well as the words, that rather confused the country practitioner, who cursed himself mentally for having commenced on a low patronizing tone, to the great amusement of the speaker.

The solicitor, however, recollected upon the person of the steward of the late Sir Norman Beckford.

"I have read an account of it in the papers," replied the former, in a milder tone, "and have my own ideas about it."

"That is not the worst," added his visitor.

"*I am aware it is not*?" was the reply.

Marshall regarded him with an incredulous stare.

The ruffian who escaped took with him a particular article of his, which, in my mind, circumstance should be recovered, and for which—"

"Lady Fenwick's diamond ring—a very costly remedy," interrupted Meadows, without moving a muscle, a finger excepted, which he raised.

"If really, I cannot understand this!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer.

"*You are from the country*," quietly observed Mr. Meadows.

Never had Marshall's self-importance been so lowered before.

"I see!" he exclaimed, struck by a sudden idea, "that double-faced, treacherous woman has been playing me false, although she pretended to employ he left to my direction."

This explanation would. He was too shrewd to deny, and, let us add, too honest to confirm the imprudence of the speaker by a falsehood. If the gentleman thought it so pleased himself, that was no affair of his—certainly not. Of course, the opinion he visitor let slip would destroy the character of the lady who employed him, did not pain unnecessarily.

"Permit me to remind you," he said, looking at his watch, "that my time is valuable. I have an appointment in an hour, which must be kept."

"With her lady-ship, I suppose," muttered his visitor, bitterly. "You have been instructed by her?"

"That is a leading question," replied the detective, "and you must excuse my not answering it. You are clever, sir, very clever, but we are not quite fools in London. You forget this is a mere conversation, not a consultation."

"I cannot discover the difference."

"Your client acts more circuitously, I suspect," said Mr. Meadows, "unless in the country you prefer for the more expensive of practicing."

Marshall took the hint, and handed him a fee of five guineas—in his opinion a very handsome one.

"And now," he said, "tell me, what would you advise?"

"The ruffian will doubtless attempt to quit the country," said Mr. Meadows; "in which case—"

"Stop!" said he, "not one word more. Should you require my assistance, you will find me at the Bell Inn, Basinghall-street, where I shall remain for a few days. Good-morning, sir."

And the lawyer left the room.

"Now, then," said Mr. Meadows, "for the first step. I will see Mr. Manders, and then—"

The rest of the sentence was inaudible, as he rose from his chair, and, locking the door, took out a small portmanteau, which he opened, and from which he took a wig and false whiskers, which he proceeded to put on.

"Now for the disguise," he said, looking at himself in the glass, "and then for the search."

THE RESCUE.

A SKETCH OF PIONEER LIFE.

Mary Henderson sat alone and mused. Her children were sleeping soundly in the room above, for the few-light shoved their innocent faces rosy with the flush of health, and the husband and daily still breathing was the only sound that disturbed the unbroken stillness.

She was not alone, for her sleeping little ones could scarcely be called companions, and her husband had been absent since the early dawn. And as the word alone, as applied to her, comprehended a deeper meaning than the mere absence of human beings, a decisive of crowded cities. Save her little children she was not alone, for was she not the wife of a settler in the very skirts of the primeval forest. A small clearing encircled the log cabin. Beyond spreading that made, she could command a view of one of the Western lakes. It was to more than a year since New York, and on the farther shore of the beautiful sheet of water, she could, in a clear day, see the cleavings and houses of a settlement, whose dwellings were all of the most primitive order.

At the head of the lake a small town was situated, which had already passed the grave the previous day to procure such stores of provisions and necessaries as could not be obtained from the stock with which, on the previous autumn, he had supplied the cabin.

Mary Henderson had been reared among other and far different scenes. Her maiden life had been passed in the midst of the busy haunts of men. She had, such as even then possessed advantages of education and refinement, and had moved in what is called a comparatively newly settled country. Her father, by his skill and power to add her in his progress, had allowed her the full use of these advantages, and at seventeen she was a child, educated woman. And to a well stored mind she brought the aid of perfect health, and strength such as, in these degenerate days would be termed masculine, and even unfeminine standards, undesirable.

Such was the mental and moral aid for the life she had chosen in promising to become the wife of Henry Henderson. It was an act of love, and she knows that on her marriage she would be introduced to the hardships of pioneer life. People were poor, and he had determined to seek a home and fortune in the West. Mary knew the bad accidental the spot, commenced his clearing, built his cabin, and, in fact, had spent two seasons in it, before he had built the house which was to receive his bride to seek his bride.

Mary's parents had sent her forth with many tears and blessings. The distance which can now be accomplished in a few days was then a most formidable journey through pathless forests, where the axe had as yet been but little used. Even when the more adventurous settlers, were often the only guides to the traveler's course. They scarcely ever met all the luxuries of life, but even in the child, nor did she expect a speedy return. At the period of her story, Mary Henderson had not visited the spot, crowned her clearing, built her

THE HAUNTED LOVER.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

———"Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel." SHAKSPEARE.

Not always—yet how better could I bear
That she should never leave me than come thus,
Whene'er my spirit might know joy or peace,
To hurl it shivering to its midnight cell.

* * * * * * *

And she is beautiful—ay, beautiful
As the first glimpses of a dream of love
In some young poet's Fairy-land! Her eye
Is an unfathomed glory! and her life
A maddening sweetness! She is beautiful—
And yet her beauty is more fearful far
To my guilt-burning heart and shrinking gaze
Than could be any hideous shape sent forth
From the dense dark of the eternal prison.

* * * * * * *

I watched a moonrise on the sea
And dreamed myself in Fairy-land;
My heart was gone awhile to be
At rest on an Elysian strand;—
But a wild'ring shape of beauty from
The silent Empire of the Dead
Passed slowly o'er the pearly cloud,
And mockingly inclined its head!
I heard the wings of Midnight rush
To bear the black weight of the storm
Across the Alps! and felt a gush
Of frenzied joy—but that bright form,
In the fiery flash of lightnings moved
Along the bursting thunder-cloud,
Sent thro' my heart one burning gaze,
Writhed a slow, scornful smile and bowed!

* * * * * * *

Beside the Rhine! In ruined towers
I met the spirits of the winds
That sang and died in feudal hours—
Oh, how their haunted magic binds!
Thro' the clasping ivy-vines I gazed,
And, by a column lone and gray
She leant—I felt a frenzied chill,
And vailed my eyes and fled away.

* * * * * * *

In *Italy!* Sweet skies above,
Fair flowers and glorious graves below—
The land of loveliness and love,
The land of ruin and of woe—
There in Egeria's storied haunt,
While dreams of softness gathered fast—
One brighter than the nymph of old
I saw—and shuddered as she passed.

* * * * * * *

Upon Zahara's burning waste
Whene'er a green spot met mine eye,
And my scorched lip was bent to taste
The cooling stream—*she* glided by!
Where the twilight of the ages gleams
O'er temples under Grecian skies,
Amid the Orient's myrtle stems,
The Arctic ice, she still would rise!

* * * * * * *

I stood by Jordan's sacred stream—
And *she* was gazing from its deep,
And, in a burning glory-dream
Of God and Heaven, on Sinai's steep,
I saw her pass o'er the solemn sky—
Why had she come to haunt me *there?*
When will her fearful beauty cease
To darken earth, sea, sky and air?

THE MARTYRED WIFE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Prominent in that great revolution of nearly half a century ago, by which the oppressed and down-trodden natives of Columbia sought to free themselves from the miseries of Spanish rule, as exercised by the blood-thirsty minions of the corrupt and tyrannical Ferdinand VII., was one General Don Jose de Fernandez, who, finding himself and compatriots very likely to be overthrown, took refuge far in the interior of the country, leaving behind him a young and beautiful wife and infant child.

About this period, as if to increase the horrors of that distracted country, those memorable earthquakes occurred which destroyed so many cities and villages, and filled the hearts of the survivors with trembling awe, at what they believed to be a special visitation of displeasure of the Almighty. Of this the clergy took advantage, and hurled their anathemas against the rebellious horde, who had dared to take up arms against the rightful power and rule of the Lord's annointed; and so effectually did they work upon the superstition of the natives of the soil, that, believing they were fighting against both God and man, they hailed with delight the amnesty offered by the Royalists, laid down their arms, and once more came under the yoke of subjection; when, finding themselves again established in power, the revengeful and blood-thirsty rulers began a series of oppressions, persecutions, and cruelties, as malignant as were ever recorded in the annals of civilization.

Among those who had accepted this amnesty, and returned to the bosom of his family in Caracas, was the young and valiant Don Jose de Fernandez. At first he seemed to be received with marked favor, and was permitted to take the oath of allegiance, under the belief that all his past errors were pardoned; but he soon learned, through an anonymous note sent to him, that his previous offenses were neither forgiven nor forgotten, and that the authorities were only awaiting a favorable moment, when his seizure could be effected with impunity, to make a terrible example of him, as one of those rebellious leaders whom at heart they hated as bitterly as ever.

To save himself from an ignominous death, Don Jose was advised to break his parole, and fly quickly, speedily, and far. He communicated the information to his wife, and urged her to take her infant and escape with him; but she, the most noble of her sex, knowing that the absence of all parties would at once arouse suspicion, resolved to remain, and thus by her presence deceive the authorities into the belief that he was still near, even while he should be making good his flight to a place of safety.

But while preparing for his escape, and before he had actually left his dwelling, an emissary of the revengeful Captain General appeared, to conduct him to headquarters, under the plea that he was wanted there for an examination.

The noble wife met the messenger at the threshold; and to his inquiries for her husband, she replied, that he had been suddenly taken ill, and was not then in a condition to bear removal; but that, so soon as able to be abroad, he would pay his respects to his Excellency.

This was simply an ingenious ruse, prompted by true affection, to account for his absence, and gain time for his escape. But the report which the officer made to his superior, produced a result which the noble woman had not anticipated; for, with a show of feeling, the Captain General immediately dispatched his confidential surgeon, Don Alfonso, to render Don Jose medical aid.

On the appearance of the old physician, the anxious and trembling wife took him aside and made him her confidant—revealed to him her entire plan for her husband's escape, and the reasons for the step she had taken. The doctor, unlike the officials with whom he was associated, was a man of feeling and principle, and he at once resolved to assist her, and, as far as lay in his power, furnish means for the escape of the young general, whom he both knew and respected.

To be brief, the plans of the two succeeded; and under cover of night, disguised as an old slave, Don Jose de Fernandez quietly left the city for parts unknown.

On his return to the palace, the old surgeon reported that his patient was out of danger, (which he was in truth,) and that there was consequently no further need of his services.

A few days elapsed, and Donna Manuela received intelligence of the safety of her husband. He had made his way to the sea-coast, and embarked for Curazao, a place of safety, where he should anxiously await the arrival of his beloved companion.

But what could Donna Manuela do, alone, surrounded by official enemies and government spies, and with an infant in her arms? how hope to reach the sea-coast in safety with her child? and to whom could she confide the secret of her husband's place of refuge? No! for the present she must remain, and abide the consequences; but alas! she little dreamed how terrible they were destined to prove.

When it became known that Don Jose had really effected his escape, the rage of Monteverde, the Captain General, knew no bounds. Supreme in authority, he had but to command to be obeyed. His first infamous order caused the arrest and immediate execution of the officer who had brought him the false intelligence of the illness of the fugitive; his second consigned to the deepest and darkest dungeon, his tried and faithful surgeon, who had been on his staff and was considered one of his household.

In prison, branded as a vile traitor in league with rebels, the humane and faithful old surgeon was put to the torture, and every means which infernal ingenuity could devise was resorted to to wring from him a confession involving his accomplices. But the good doctor, having had no accomplices, had nothing to confess, and consequently the inhuman efforts of his merciless superior were without avail. Then followed his condemnation; and he was rudely dragged back to his chains, to await the hour of his public execution.

The tragic day soon came. The morning of the 16th of June, 18—, rose as fair to the view as if no hellish deeds were about to be perpetrated beneath its peaceful light. At an early hour all were astir at the palace and throughout the city. The Captain General appeared in full uniform, sparkling with brilliant decorations, the insignia of many a hotly contested field. The guards were doubled, and all the avenues leading to the entrance of the palace were strictly watched. Aids-de-camp went dashing hither and thither, conveying orders of vigilance to the commanders at different points. It was feared the natives would again break out in another terrible rebellion, and all connected with royalty were on the alert for danger.

As the day wore on, and the crowd began to collect in front of the prison in the Cathedral square, where the execution was to take place, low murmurs and whispers were heard among them. The good doctor was beloved by the army and all who knew him, and there was no telling what turn affairs might take. The rabble, as they were styled, soon filled the streets and almost obstructed them. The officer of the day cleared the avenues, and placed batteries in the cross-streets to sweep them in case of necessity, while lines of infantry stood with bristling bayonets ready to charge, and squads of cavalry hovered in the rear, prepared for a quick and furious onset. All was thus made ready for the bloody scene about to open.

Slowly, as the deep and heavy bell solemnly tolled the fatal hour, the victim of tyranny, almost broken down by the physical sufferings he had undergone, was led forth, to the beat of the muffled drum, toward the place of execution, a priest walking on either side of him, and either offering him spiritual consolation, or beseeching him to make a full confession ere the fatal moment should arrive. A few minutes later he was seated upon the bench where he was to meet his untimely fate, with a file of soldiers drawn up before him, ready for their work of death, and awaiting in breathless silence the signal of their superior to pour in their volley and set his noble spirit free.

At this critical moment, when all was hushed expectation, and every eye was turned with anxious gaze, either upon the prisoner or him who held his life in his hands, a low murmur of many voices was heard, followed by a slight swaying to and fro of the human mass that blocked up the rear; and then suddenly, to the amazement of all, a human figure, closely muffled in a cloak, burst upon the scene, and, rushing to the prisoner, sunk down upon the ground before him. Instantly an officer sprung forward and seized the intruder, when the long cloak dropping from her head and shoulders, disclosed to the astonished spectators no less a personage than the young and beautiful wife of the fugitive General Don Jose de Fernandez, who suddenly and almost wildly exclaimed:

"Save him, for the love of Heaven! oh, save the good Don Alfonso! He is innocent—I alone am guilty—and upon my head let your vengeance be visited!"

But the prayer of this lovely and noble being was unheeded.

"Away, vile wretch, to the dungeon to where you belong! and seek not to interfere with the administration of justice!" cried the enraged official, who immediately gave orders to have her removed to prison.

As the poor lady was being dragged, moaning and sobbing, from the presence of him who had saved the life of her husband at the expense of his own, the fatal signal was given. Instantly there came a deep and heavy roll of the drum, then a heavier roll of musketry, and the noble victim fell forward on his face, a bleeding and ghastly corpse.

A few hours later that heroic and devoted wife was dragged, half-fainting, from her dungeon to the *Sala del Audiencia*, or Chamber of Audience, and there confronted with her most bitter foe, the vile and blood-thirsty Monteverde. He questioned her sharply, and swore she must either confess who were her accomplices, or be herself sent to the rack.

In vain the poor lady protested that she had no accomplices—that what she had done she had done alone, with no other motive than for the salvation of him whom she loved—the husband of her bosom—the father of her child. The Captain General would not believe her tale, but pronounced her a vile traitoress, more deserving of death than he who had just been punished; and at length, foaming with wrath at finding himself baffled, he exclaimed—

"Away with her to the vaults of the Inquisition! and put every engine into requisition, to make her disclose the vile secrets of her damnable heart!"

This mandate was obeyed by his willing minions, and soon the awful rack almost tore asunder her delicate limbs, but it forced from her no new confessions, because she had nothing more to reveal.

Finding himself still baffled, Monteverde gave orders that she should be again brought into his presence, and scourged to the death.

"And ere she dies," he exclaimed in fury, "let her infant rebel be brought and put to death before her, that I may wring her stubborn heart, if indeed it have one touch of maternal feeling!"

Bleeding, fainting, more dead than alive, the poor lady was again dragged before the monster, and having been partially revived by some restoratives, which the attending physician administered, she was again questioned. But to no effect. Her child was next produced, innocently prattling in the arms of its colored nurse. On perceiving her infant, Donna Manuela became nearly frantic.

"Oh, merciful God! my child! my child!" she cried; "what do you with my child! oh, give it me! give it me! poor little innocent!"

"Speak! confess!" said Monteverde, "and the child shall be placed in your arms unharmed, and yourself go free; refuse to disclose what you know of this vile treason, and the infant shall be brained and cast at your feet!"

This failing to produce the desired result, for the reasons already stated, the Captain General ordered the nurse and child to be sent to prison, and the poor mother to be scourged to death.

Let us not dwell upon the horrid scene. The executioner was sent for, and La Senora Manuela being stripped to the waist before her inhuman tormentors, the last cruel work was begun. Under the first dozen lashes she began to droop; the second dozen left her scarcely life; and as the executioner paused in his work of butchery, and the physician examined the pulse and features of the pale and bleeding victim, her quivering and now livid lips were seen to move.

"She is about to confess!" cried one.

"Hark! listen! lose not a sentence!" cried the anxious Monteverde.

The lips again moved, and low, but distinctly, issued the words, which filled more than one heart with rage—

"*Viva la patria! mueren los tiranos!*" "Long live the country! death to the tyrants!"

The Captain General swore a terrible oath, and gnashing his teeth, and fiercely twirling his long moustache, he shouted, above the howl of rage and disappointment which greeted her answer—

"In the name of the Infernal! madam, where have you concealed your traitorous husband!"

Straightening up her bleeding and lacerated form, turning her soft, dark eyes, with a fierce, lofty look, full upon her merciless interrogator, and suddenly wrenching both arms from the attendants who held her, and bringing both up with convulsive force to her breaking heart, the Spartan wife and mother exclaimed, in a wild, thrilling tone—

"*Here! in this heart! whose last throb is for him!*"

These were the last words that ever passed her noble lips, and as she uttered them, her spirit suddenly took its eternal flight, and her frail, delicate body sunk to the ground a bleeding corpse.

They raised the body from the floor and examined it carefully; but when it was found that death had snatched from them their victim, and the Captain General saw he had been foiled in his hellish designs, he spurned the bleeding and lacerated body with his foot, exclaiming—

"A curse upon such contumacy! May this be the fate of the whole treacherous horde! Bear forth the detestable carcass, and let none dare pollute the earth by giving it Christian burial."

Among the spectators of this barbarous scene, there was one officer who stood with folded arms, and silently watched the issue of the murderous transaction; and as the body of the martyred lady was being removed, he hurriedly unbuckled his sword, hurled it at the feet of the bloody tyrant, and swore he would never more wear it to disgrace the name of a Spanish soldier. Suddenly plunging into the crowd, this man escaped, and making his way through the lines to the sea-coast, he joined the fugitive husband, to whom he recounted the atrocious deed. Together, then, these two men took a solemn oath of vengeance, and together they plotted the downfall of their inhuman oppressors. Fortune favored them. Another rebellion broke out, and after various reverses, they marched as conquerors to the capital, taking deep and terrible vengeance upon all who had wronged them.

The foregoing may be relied upon as strictly authentic. The friend who related to us the tragic incident, was for many years a resident of South America, and subsequently became acquainted with both the father and child, the latter then grown to man's estate. From the lips of General Don Jose de Fernandez himself, now a venerable hero, he received the thrilling story which he detailed to us, and which, in turn, we have so briefly laid before the reader.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A SKETCH FOR MEN OF INFLUENCE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The court had adjourned, and some of the leading members of the bar were assembled at the residence of Judge Worthington, who had presided at the session. There were several youthful lawyers present, beside some who were not connected with the legal profession. The conversation had turned upon social themes, and many words were spoken without much sense or meaning.

"We have but one life to live here on earth, and we must make the most of it," said Worthington, allowing his warm social feelings to rule his speech.

"That's so," responded some half dozen, in chorus, who were ready to applaud anything the old judge might say.

"Give me joy to-day, and let the morrow take care of itself," resumed our host, in hilarious tones.

And again was he thoughtlessly sustained. But one white-haired man remained silent and sober. This was Lemuel Beekman, one of the finest lawyers in the State, and one of the noblest hearted men. Beekman's life had been a sad one, and part of his story was known to all of us. He was born in Virginia, and at the age of eighteen he had graduated, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-one. A few years he retained his position, and then he fell. He became a drunkard of the most abject kind, nor did he fully recover his manhood until the silver touch of age was upon his head. Now, however, he was as firm as a rock in the way of Right, and no power could move him to temptation.

"Judge Worthington," said Beekman, in an earnest, solemn tone, "you do not mean what you say."

"Yes—I mean exactly what I say," replied the judge. "Give me joy for to-day."

"But you do not mean what your words would seem to convey," persisted the old lawyer, in the same earnest, serious tone. "You are impressing the minds of several young men who are present, and I am sure the lesson you have just let fall from your lips is not one which you would give to a son whom you were about to send out into the world."

At first Worthington seemed inclined to be offended at this freedom, but gradually his good nature came back, and he asked Beekman what he meant.

"I'll tell you what I mean," replied the old man, "and I know you will pardon me for the liberty I take, when I assure you that I do it for the good of those about me."

All eyes were at once turned upon the speaker, for his tones were solemn, and there was a gathering moisture in his eye which told of feelings deep and powerful.

"Few men are aware," he said, "of the vast influence which words, lightly spoken, may sometimes have, and especially when they come from the lips of those who occupy stations of trust and honor. Every man must exert some influence, and he may make that influence good or bad, as he will. But it unfortunately happens that most of the bad influence which comes from those who are right at heart, proceeds from deeds of thoughtlessness, or from words spoken without any real intent or meaning. I will tell you the story of my first fatal fall, and you may then know what I mean.

"When I was twenty-two years of age, I had settled in Hanover county, and was doing a good business. I was flattered on all hands, and my circle of acquaintance was as respectable as it was extensive. But in the midst of all those blooming flowers and buds of promise of my youth, there lurked one enemy. I did not fully realize his power then, but there was one who did. My widowed mother saw my danger, and she warned me of it. 'Lemuel,' she said to me—and she said it many times—said it with tears and prayers—'you are not safe while you tamper with the wine-cup. You are not like others of your acquaintance. You have a constitutional inability to use wine moderately. You inherit it from your father. If you do not cut off the habit entirely and forever, it will surely work your ruin.' And then she would beg of me to give her my pledge that I would touch it no more. Had I given my mother that pledge I should never have broken it; but I could not do it then. I could not meet my friends in the district, and refuse the social glass. I told her I would not carry it to excess, but she only shook her head, and replied that I had no power over an appetite which I dared not wholly conquer.

"Time went on, and I continued to attend to my increasing business, but I was becoming more and more a slave to the cup. I could see it plainly. I often became wholly intoxicated at night, after the court session was over, but my friends put me to bed, and not many knew of my weakness. My mother saw it, however, and she still plead with me. Finally she made arrangements to go on a visit to New York, and before she went she labored with me once more. There was a court to be holden some fifteen miles distant, at which it was necessary I should attend, and on the very next morning my mother was to start. I knew that I should not be able to return in season to see her off, but I promised to meet her at a certain point on the river, where she would have to stop, and which I could reach without trouble. Before I left her that day, she once more urged me to give her the pledge she had labored for so long. 'If you give it to me, I shall feel safe,' she said, 'for I know, as I know Heaven itself, that my son would not break a solemn promise given to his mother!' And she was right there. Had I given that promise, no power could have swerved me from the faith.

"But I would not give it then. I knew that when I once spoke the word my social fate would be fixed, and I hesitated. Finally I gave my mother this promise: Said I, 'when I meet you to-morrow morning, I will give you my final answer. I will be resolved upon the question.' She saw the sparkle of my eye, and she was content. She made me promise for the twentieth time not to fail of seeing her, and then I left her. I rode alone to the distant court-house, and on the way I pondered over the subject I had in hand. I knew that my course was a dangerous one—I knew that there was no safety for me while I tampered with the enemy. A hundred times had I firmly resolved that I would only drink a few social glasses with my friends, and then stop; but almost as often had I drank on until sense and reason were gone. I brought up all the social pleasures, all the joy and hilarity of the convivial circle, and all the troubles I should have to encounter in refusing to join in the revelry, and then against these I put the safety of myself, and the happiness and peace of my mother. This last consideration carried the day, and before I reached my journey's end I had resolved that I would give my mother the pledge. Oh! would that I had thus made up my mind before I left her that morning! Would to God I had taken the pledge then. But I felt not the danger which a few short hours of hesitation can beget. I had come to a conclusion to do right on the following morning. I did not think how much better it might be to commence then.

"The business of the day was done, and in the evening we were assembled in the parlor of the tavern. I had not drank during the session, for I meant to see my mother with a clear head. I did not feel that I was cut off yet by my resolution, for though the die was cast, yet there was a term of limit which had not expired. In short, I had only resolved that my mother should have the pledge, and until that time I felt that I was my own master.

"The name of our presiding judge was Rowland. He was an old man, much honored and respected, and looked up to by all the younger members of the bar with respect and confidence. He was present in the parlor, and as the weight of the woolsack was removed, he became jolly and humorous.

"'Let cares and sorrows take care of themselves!' he said, at the same time tossing off a glass of wine. I shall never forget his words, for I caught them with a strange avidity, and the devil of appetite within me kept them echoing in my ears. 'Why should we make it night, when we can make it day just as well?' the old judge added, with a happy smile. '*Give me joy while I live, and when I must be sad let me die.*' '*A short life and a merry one before a long life and a sad one.*'

"Such were some of the thoughtless, meaningless sentences that fell from his lips, but they had a quick and deep impression upon me. I caught the dangerous inspiration—my soul felt the old flame—and I grasped the wine-cup with a strange enthusiasm. Those few words from the lips of one whose position I honored, spoken at random as they were, turned me about in my track. Could I have gone on till the next morning, and given my mother that sacred promise, all might have been well; but I joined in the wassail with a reckless zest—we drank and played till a late hour—drank till I knew no reason—drank till I was helpless and senseless. When I came to myself the night had passed, and another day was far advanced. I bathed my fevered brow—swallowed a glass of spirits to bring back my scattered energies—and then hurried off to meet my mother. But I was too late. The vessel had been gone over three hours when I got there, and I was informed that the captain had waited an hour for me at that.

"I returned to my home, and never saw mother again! She died in New York from a sudden sickness, and I was left alone. Oh! how many times did I wish I had only given her that promise, for I should surely have kept it. There is a mystery in this appetite for wine which I cannot fathom. I was too weak to conquer it alone, and I sank. I sank till I was poor and degraded, and there I remained for years, an object of pity to my friends, and a subject of scorn to those who had never known me before. You all know the sad story of my degradation, and I need not repeat it. I can only say that help came at length. It came to me in a dream, in which my mother appeared, and I gave her the pledge. I bowed my gray head and solemnly promised her, believing that her spirit was near me, that I would be a man once more. I have kept the pledge, and I will keep it while I live.

"And," added the old man, with much feeling, "I will never let fall from my lips a word which can lend its influence for evil, if I have sense to know it at the time. Looking upon the speech of an old man as something which may have influence, one way or the other, I will try that from me it shall be only good. Light words and light actions may seem to pass harmlessly away, but many a man, wrecked and ruined upon the sea of life, can call to mind some slight event of the past—perhaps only a word—which gave a false direction to his compass, and led him away from his true course.

"Forgive me, gentlemen, for interrupting you. I have spoken only what I believed to be true, and I trust I have not offended."

Judge Worthington was the first to rise to his feet. He grasped the old man by the hand, and having thanked him for the lesson he had given, he turned to the younger members of the company.

"Beekman is right," he said. "Forget the words you heard me speak, and remember the counsel he has given. I, at least, will remember it, and I hope I may live up to it."

ANCIENT TABLE CUSTOMS.

The ancients set us a good example in the improvement of the time occupied in taking their repasts. There was always something to excite and gratify the higher nature, while the animal man was refreshed with good cheer. Music and the relation of stories were the accomplishments of the feast, whether domestic or special, as early as the time of Homer, of which the tables of Alcinous, Menelaus and Eumaeus may be taken as examples. Among the later Greeks the *Skolia*, short songs adapted to be sung at repasts, were the product of the same propensity to combine the pleasures of intellect and taste with those of appetite. Some of these were exquisitely beautiful, and what is more surprising, for the times, they are almost all characterised by a high and pure moral tone. Some of them clothe in verse a patriotic sentiment or commemorate the name of some illustrious hero or martyr of liberty. Others enounce an ethical sentiment, such as the shortness of life, the vanity of human pursuits, the transitoriness of sensual pleasure, and the like. "The very *Skolia* or drinking catches of the Greeks," says Bishop Hurd, "were seasoned with a moral turn; the sallies of pleasantry, which escaped them in their freest hours, being tempered, for the most part, by some strokes of the national sobriety." "During the course of their entertainments," says Athenaeus, "they loved to hear, from some wise and prudent person, an agreeable song; and those songs were held by them most agreeable, which contained exhortations to virtue, or other instructions relative to their conduct in life." The sublime ode of Aristotle "To Virtue," was a *Skolium* or dinner-song.

The Spartans were content to season their frugal repasts of black porridge with concise apothegm and sharp repartee. In fact, the public dining-room was one of the most effective places of Spartan education.

The grave Roman had his *reader* (anagnostes) generally a highly educated and accomplished slave, who had been formed by an expensive training in elocution, to read in a graceful and effective manner. One of these was always present to read and thus suggest subjects at the family repast, of useful and entertaining conversation.

Nepos mentions it as one instance of the combined frugality and elegance of Atticus that his *anagnostae* were trained in his own family, that they were admirable readers, and that he never dined without having something read at table, that the mind of his guests, as well as their appetites, might be gratified, *for he only asked those to dine who were of like tastes with himself.*

A PATTERN FRIEND.

There are different modes of obligation, and different avenues to our gratitude and favor. A man may lend his countenance who will not part with his money, and open his mind to us who will not draw out his purse. How many ways are there, in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want! How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat and drink and clothing! Is it nothing to "administer to a mind diseased"—to heal a wounded spirit? After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear with our infirmities, to impart our confidence to, to encourage us in our *hobbies* (nay, to get up and ride behind us) and to like us with all our faults. True friendship is self-love at second-hand; where, as in a flattering mirror, we see our virtues magnified and our errors softened, and where we may fancy our opinion of ourselves confirmed by an impartial and faithful witness. He (of all the world) creeps the closest in our bosoms, into our favor and esteem, who thinks of us most nearly as we do of ourselves. Such a one is indeed the pattern of a friend, another self—and our gratitude for the blessing is as sincere, as it is hollow in most other cases! This is one reason why entire friendship is scarcely to be found, except in love. There is a hardness and severity in our judgments of one another; the spirit of competition also intervenes, unless where there is too great an inequality of pretension or difference of taste to admit of mutual sympathy and respect; but a woman's vanity is interested in making the object of her choice the God of her idolatry; and in the intercourse with that sex, there is the finest balance and reflection of opposite and answering excellences imaginable!

PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits, but the fact is, that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such the present moment is everything, and the future is nothing; he borrows, therefore, from the future at a most usurious and ruinous interest; and the consequence is, that he finds the tone of his best feelings impaired, his self-respect diminished, his health of mind and body destroyed, and life reduced to its very dregs, at a time when, humanly speaking, the greater portion of its comforts should be still before him.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE OATH OF FOLLY.

BY REV. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"As long as the dance, and whatever lies
with, and I will give it time."—Addis. ii., 1699.

Yet long had years, the dancer had her way,
Light heels, and lighter mind!
What follow'd next?
The arrogance of a vampish woman's wile,
A lurid hour in a close dungeon cell,
An execration with which groans the air,
And as the fever heat rends the silky veil
Forth the impression, it would seem,
Of the long rose sway!—See for its wife's sake,
And from a home of love and virtue hurl
With loss at most, he would not say her sin!
—False pride! delusive hope!
Through dark envy
The might of wicked words is wrenched,
And melted from the soul.
Friend! if thou hast made
A vow of rashness, haste, ere it be sealed,
Obtain forgiveness, seek release of those
Who hold the sweep of promise.
How the voice
Of Israel's wives answered, and defied
To be another's sorely, but then plunge
In vain resistance!
Turn not!
If sudden madness of a theoglaims surge
Should sweep and perplex our fellow-men,
Exhaust the strong, are cleared, into the truth,
Or hurt the weak.
Thyself
Turn better to be taught
Even by King Herod in his vanity.
Than compromise our peace and sanction guilt
And suffer loss, for sense of empty words.

A RIDE FOR LIFE;

OR,

THE RANGER'S LEAP.

BY SAM C. SMITH, JR.

A chorus of wild laughter suddenly broke forth from a fierce, grotesque-looking set of men, who were indolently reclining on the blankets in the forest grouge, around the fragments of what had evidently been their evening meal. It was in a secluded wood, far from any signs of habitation. Here and there were seen the smouldering embers of the camp fire, while around the groups were pitched a number of horses, grazing about in close familiarity with the men. At the brute of the tone, or laughing upon the limbs, were saddles and bridles, and other trappings, which showed that the camp was but a temporary one. Beside the men by their rifles and pistols, and the short, clouded hats, long beards and moustaches, with knives and pistols in their belts, no wilder picture of a desperate and most formidable set of human brigands could be conceived. They were men who slept in harness—ever ready for action—and always ready for the fray. No brute dust out from them either the beauties of the one or the privileges of the rein storm. They were men inured to every hardship, and by nature were fearless, chivalrous and romantic—in a word they were no brigands, but Texas Rangers.

It was while the little army of General Taylor was encamped at Camargo, on the river Rio Juan, making preparations for its onward march, before that the company of mounting Rangers were most actively employed on such service, piercing a hundred miles into the enemy's country at a time. Stratagem, surprise, and of wild adventurous exploits, they chafed, when compelled to undergo the weariness of dull camp life. Such men were only in their element when on the perilous most. McCulloch and his men became outstanding the campaign of General Taylor for their hardihood, boldness and daring; they were a remarkably constituted body, and seemed to be made for the highest ability, who have since attained distinguished positions here in public life. Let the order for their services come when it would, at any hour of night or day, at a moment's warning they were ready in the saddle!

It was after a hard ride that the company had encamped late in the afternoon on the banks of Lake Guerrido, a beautiful stream about two miles in length, and bluff in the large forest trees and thick underwood on one side, while opposite, from behind an entangled thicket of cane-brake, lay spread out a vast lawn of the richest verdure. It was at this charming spot that we have just described the scene of, and already presented the reader to, the temporary camp of the Rangers. The guard was posted, the men had attended to their horses—the first and most important duty with a Ranger—had bathed in the cool, crystal waters of the lake, and having eaten their suppers, were now enjoying themselves around the cheerful camp fires. Some were taking a quiet nap—others were smoking their pipes—while a few were playing cards, and conversing on the incident which occurred on the last road, made at a far distant town called Chino, and which caused the laugh we have just mentioned, with which our story opens.

"I was so vexed," said the narrator, "that Old Seguin and his men had escaped us, (while whom I had no old score to settle,) and to think that we had also failed to capture the stock, which was to be a force to capture us that night, that I became bewildered I would have it to my self that the Chilian without having seen at least one of the Chilenos. So taking advantage of the little confusion which the false alarm had created, Adcock and myself rode over to the house of the old Don, and who kept the little store where we now the two pretty women the morning we first arrived. Well, lay in his stead, he replied he had no time to step, he was busily engaged in packing up his goods for a full speed from the road into the chaparral, feeling that his advance was not safe. I then demanded of him whether he was armed in pursuit; but so dense was the thorny thicket and entangled woods, that it was fearful riding, and she soon found herself in a most scratched almost at every leap. On such occasions as these, the wisdom of a hunted deer, and the cunning forward, lays with his head close to the neck of his animal, and thus avoids the limbs of the lodges of the ground, but greatly the advantage, as well as having obtained the start of the run, he first attempted to circle the woods, so as to gain the road in the rear of the Rangers; but being made aware of their having been on the road, he reach the road at a point higher up, as the only hope of making good his escape. This I was made aware with desperation, while the Rangers were urging their horses to the top of their speed. The chief of a dead level upon upon the stones and gravel now told that the Mexicans had gained the road, and the Texans followed at a break-neck pace. On they dashed at furious speed, when suddenly the Mexican's horse stumbled and fell. It was but for a moment, however, ere the horse recovered himself again, and he rider, firmly seated, spurred on for life. But that was a precious moment in the fate of the Mexican, for the Rangers had gained upon him, and now several shots were fired, but without effect. For another half mile the Mexican held his own, and at a turn in the road, with hopeless recklessness, again dashed into the cragparal.

Hardling, who had been up in the lead with the Rangers, now kept the road, shouting to the men who followed in close pursuit of the Mexican, that he would keep on and head him off, knowing from the nature of the ground that the Mexican must soon leave the road and regain for the road. But a few hundred yards ahead there was an immense ravine running across the road, of some eighty feet in depth, which at its narrowest part, about eighteen feet across, had been partially filled, but which now presented a yawning chasm. The Mexican knowing the ravine, had with a small push gained the chaparral which led down to a crossing. The Rangers, who were in hot pursuit, eyed down the

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGE S. M.—You need not read the hundred books to become reasonably well acquainted with the history of the world. Read the historical books of the Bible, Rollin's Ancient History, Goldsmith's History of Greece and Rome, Gibbon's Rise, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Hallam's Middle Ages, Alison's History of Europe, Starr's History of the Crusades and the Knights, and any history of England, all the histories of the United States that you can get, Bancroft's historical work, Irving's life of Columbus and his Successors, and all biographies of eminent statesmen than you can get hold of.

UNION STATE.—You can "leave your land warrant," to whom you please, by any means suited to you, but it is not a United States Government. We do not know what you mean.

POISONOUS PAPER.—Yes, or what is meant by the remark you quote. We should not like to print your voice in the columns of that organ. You have probably injured your voice by attempting it.

TRAITOR.—Is it of course impossible for us to give an opinion with certainty whether or not you could get a deserter's name in the South.

A. F. L.—The best numbers of the Library for reading the story of Napoleon's campaigns are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,